

# LITERARY INQUIRER,

## AND REPERTORY OF LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT 177 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; OR

BY WILLIAM VERRINDER.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM  
AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOL. II.

BUFFALO, (N.Y.) WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1854.

No. 15.

### Literature and Miscellaneous.

#### THE BARONET'S BRIDE.

(Continued.)

Sir Henry cast a sudden keen glance of scrutiny at his lady and me, and then went up to her, and kissed her tenderly, without speaking. What wretchedness were in his features at that moment! I saw by his manner, that he desired me to rise and take my leave; and after a few words on different subjects, I rose, bowed to her ladyship, and accompanied by the baronet, withdrew.

"Well, am I right or wrong, Doctor, in my terrible suspicion?" inquired the baronet, his manner much disturbed, and trembling from head to foot, as we stood together in the large bow window of his library. I sighed, and shook my head.

"Did she make any allusions to the present arrangement I have been obliged to adopt in the house?"

I told him the substance of what had passed between us. He sighed profoundly, and covered his eyes for a moment with his hands.

"Is her ladyship ever violent?" I inquired.

"No, seldom; never, never! I wish she were! Any thing to dissipate the horrid monotony of melancholy madness; but I can not bear to talk on the subject. I can scarcely control my feelings!" He turned from me, and stood looking through the window, evidently overpowered with grief. For a minute or two neither of us spoke.

"The dreadful subject forces itself upon us," said he, suddenly turning again towards me—"Doctor, what in Heaven's name, what is to be done in this tremendous emergency? Let our first care be to prevent exposure. I suppose—a temporary seclusion, I am afraid, will be necessary?" he added, in a hollow whisper, looking gloomily at me. I told him I feared such a course would certainly be advisable, if not even necessary, and assured him that he need be under no apprehension on that score, for there were many admirable retreats for such patients as his unfortunate lady, where privacy, comfort, amusement, and skilful surveillance, were combined. I told him not to despond of his lady's early restoration to society.

"Oh, Doctor!" he groaned, clasping his hands vehemently together, "the maddening thought that my sweet, my darling wife, must be banished from my bosom; from her home; from her child; and become the inmate of, of a ——" He ceased abruptly. A wild smile shot across his features.

"Doctor," said he, lowering his tone to a faint whisper, "can I trust you with a secret? I know I am acting imprudently; unnecessarily disclosing it; but I know it will be safe with you?"

I bowed, and listened with breathless wonder. \* \* \* My flesh crept from head to foot as he went on. I had been all along the dupe of a madman. His eye was fixed upon me with a devilish expression. The shock deprived me of utterance; for a while almost of sight and hearing. I was startled back into consciousness, by a loud laugh uttered by the baronet. He was pointing at me, with his arm and finger extended, almost touching my face, with an air of derision. The dreadful truth flashed at once upon my mind. I could now understand the illness, the melancholy of Lady Anne, whose blanched countenance, looking through the half opened door, caught my eye at that moment, as I happened to turn in the direction of the breakfast room. I trembled lest the madman should also see her, and burst into violence!

The 'secret' of the baronet consisted in his alleged discovery of a mode of converting tallow into wax: That it would, when carried into effect, produce him a revenue of fifty thousand a year; that because the king could not prevail on him to disclose it, he had sent spies to watch all his movements, and had threatened to arrest him for high treason! All this horrid nonsense he told me

in a loud, serious, energetic tone of voice and manner; and though my countenance must have turned deadly pale when the shocking discovery first broke upon me, and my violent agitation became apparent, Sir Henry did not seem to notice it. I know not what called forth the laugh I have mentioned, unless it was the delight he experienced from the success with which he had imposed upon me so long.

"But, Doctor," he continued, "I have not disclosed this great secret for nothing. I set about discovering it in consequence of an alarming accident which has happened to me and of which both you and the world will ere long hear much. It became necessary, in a word, that I should develop a new source of independence, and, thank Heaven, at length it is found! But the mere money it will produce is the least consideration; there are grander results to follow; but of them anon. "You, Doctor, are a scientific man; I am but superficially so; and that is a species of knowledge essential to the successful use of my great discovery. We must therefore become partners—eh?" I bowed. "The terms, you know, we can arrange afterwards. Ah ha, ha! what will my constituents—what will my political friends say to this? Sir Henry Harleigh turned wax maker! Why, Doctor, why are you so silent? Chop fallen, eh? and why?"

I had been pondering all the while on the proper course to follow under such extraordinary and melancholy circumstances, and therefore permitted him to ramble on as he pleased. "Calculating the profits, eh? Well, but we must go through a good deal before we get to that part of the story, believe me! First and foremost," his countenance suddenly fell, and he cast a disturbed glance at the breakfast room door, "we must make some decisive arrangements about poor, poor Lady Anne. She knows my secret, and it is the thoughts of it that have turned her head—women, you know, cannot bear sudden fortunes! but oh! such a gentle madness is hers!" He uttered this last exclamation in a tone that touched my heart to the quick; melting, moving, soul subduing was it, as some of the whispers of Kean in Othello!

"Doctor," he commenced abruptly, after a pause, "let me consider of it for a moment—a thought suggests itself; I would not have her feelings wounded for worlds! I'll consider of it, and presently tell you my determination." He folded his arms on his breast and walked slowly up and down the library, as if engaged in profound contemplation, and so continued for five or ten minutes, as if he had utterly forgotten me, who stood leaning against the window frame, watching him with unalterable feelings. What should I do? It was next to impossible for me to have another interview with Lady Anne before leaving. I thought it on the whole advisable not to alarm his suspicions by any such attempt, but to take my departure as quietly and as quickly as possible; determined on reaching London, to communicate immediately with Mr Courthorpe, his brother in law, with whom I had some little acquaintance, and with him suggest such measures as were necessary to secure the safety not only of the baronet, but his wretched lady. This resolution formed, I felt anxious to be gone. As the poor baronet's cogitations, however, seemed far from approaching a close, I found it necessary to interrupt him.

"Well, sir Henry," said I, moving from the window recess, "I must leave you, for I have many engagements in town."

"Do you know, now," said he, with a puzzled air, "I positively cannot remember what it was I had to think about! How very absurd! What was it, now?" standing still, and corrugating his brows. "Oh, it was whether it would be proper for me to see Lady Anne before I left—Ah," said he briskly, "aye, so it was; I recollect, why, see Lady Anne! No—I think not," he replied, with an abrupt, peculiar tone and manner, as if dis-

pleased with the proposal. I will accompany you to the road, where you will find the carriage in readiness to carry you back to town." He at the same time took from a pocketbook in his bosom a note case, and gave me a check, by way of fee, of 500l.

"By the way," said he, abruptly, as arm in arm we walked down the park gates, "what, after all, are we to do with Lady Anne? How strange that we should have forgotten her! Well, what step do you intend taking next?" I sighed.

"I must turn it over carefully in my mind, before I commit myself."

"Ah, Sallust! *I rursquam incipias; consulto; sed ubi consulueris, Doctor —*"

"*Mature facto, opus est, sir Henry,*" I replied, humoring his recollection.

"Good. There never was any thing more curt and pretty." He repeated the sentence. "Well, and what will you do?"

"I cannot precisely say at present; but you may rely upon seeing me here again this evening. I hope you will conceal it from Lady Anne, however, or it may alarm her."

"Mind me, Doctor," said he abruptly, his features clouding over with a strange expression, "I, I, will have no violence used."

"Violence! my dear sir Henry! violence! God forbid!" I exclaimed, with unaffected amazement.

"Of course, Doctor, I hold you personally," laying a strenuous emphasis on the last word, "I hold you personally responsible for whatever measures may be adopted. Here, however, is the carriage. I shall await your return with anxiety." I shook him by the hand, and stepped into the chariot.

"Good morning, good morning, sir Henry," I exclaimed, as the postillions were preparing to start. He put his head at the window, and in a hurried tone whispered, "on second thoughts, Dr —, I shall decline any further interference in the matter, at least to-day." He had scarcely uttered the last words, when the chariot drove off.

"Hallo! hark ye, fellow! stop! stop!" shouted the baronet, at the top of his voice, "stop, or I'll fire!" the postillions, who, I observed, had set off at pretty nearly a gallop, seemed disposed to continue it; but on hearing the last alarming words, instantaneously drew up. I looked with amazement through the window, and beheld sir Henry hurrying towards us—fury in his features, and a pocket pistol in his extended right hand.

"Good God, sir Henry!" I exclaimed, terror struck, "what can be the meaning of this extraordinary conduct?"

"A word in your ear, Doctor," he panted, coming close up to the carriage door.—"Speak, for heaven's sake, speak, sir Henry," said I, "leaning my head towards him."

"I suspect you intend violent measures towards me, Doctor —"

"Against you! violent measures against any body? You are dreaming, sir Henry!"

"Ah, I see further into your designs than you imagine, Doctor — You wish to extract my secret from me, for your own exclusive advantage. So mark me, if you come again to — Adieu!" He strode haughtily off, waved his hand to the terrified postillions, and we soon lost sight of the unhappy madman. I threw myself back in my seat completely bewildered. Not only my own personal safety, but that of Lady Anne was menaced. What might not frenzy prompt him to do, during my absence and on my return?

Full of these agitating thoughts I rejoiced to find myself thundering toward, as fast as four horses could carry me, in obedience to the orders I had given the postillions, the instant that sir Henry quitted us. At length we reached a steep hill, that compelled us to slacken our pace, and give breath to our panting horses. I opened the front window, and bespoke the nearest postilion.

"Boy, there! Are you in sir Henry's service?"

"No, sir, not exactly; but we serves him as much as thof we was, for the matter of that,"

he replied, touching his hat. "Were you surprised to see what occurred at starting?" "No, sir," he replied, lowering his tone, and looking about him, as if he expected to find the baronet at his heels, "he's done many a stranger thing nor that, sir, lately!"

"I suppose, then, you consider him not exactly in his right senses, eh?"

"It an't for the likes o' me to say such a thing of my betters; but *this* I may make bold for to say, sir, if as how I or any of my fellow sarvants, had done the likes o' what we've lately seen up at the hall there, they'd a' clapped us into the jail or bedlam long ago!"

"Indeed! why, what has been going on?"

"You'll not tell of a poor lad like me, will you, sir?"

"Oh, no! you may be sure of that; I'll keep your secret."

"Well, sir," said he, speaking more unconstrainedly, turning round in his saddle, full towards me, "first and foremost, he's discharged me, and Thomas here, my fellow sarvant, an' we takes up at the inn, a mile or so from the Hall; likewise the coachman and the footman; likewise all the women sarvants—always excepting the cook, and my lady's maid; and an't them a few sarvants to do all the work of that great Hall? An't that strange like, sir?"

"Well, what else? How does sir Henry pass his time?"

"Pass his time, sir? Why, sir, we hears from cook, as how he boils candles, sir," quoth the fellow, grinning.

"Boils candles, sirrah! what do you mean? are you in earnest?"

"Yes, sir, I be indeed! He'll boil as many as twenty in a day, in the cook's best saucepans; and then he pours the most precious brandy into the mess, wasting good brandy, and throws it all into a deep hole every night, that he has dug in the garden. 'Twas no later nor yesterday, sir, cook told me all; how she happened to be squinting through the keyhole, and no harm neither, sir, (axing your pardon,) when a man goes on in such ways as them, and seed him kneel down upon the dirty hearth, before the saucepan full of candles, as they were boiling, and pray such gibberish like."

"Well," said I, with a sigh, "but what does her ladyship all this while?"

"Oh, sir, our poor lady is worn almost, in a manner, to skin and bone. She follows him about like a ghost, and cries her eyes out; but for all that she is so gentle like, he's woundy starn with her, and watches her just like a cat does a mouse, as one would say. Once he locked her in her bed room all day, and only gave her bread and water! But the strangest thing is yet to come, sir; he makes out that it's *her* that's mad! so that for a long time we all believed that it was so; for, sir, it's only of late that we began to see how the real truth of the matter stood, sir. Sir Henry was always, since we've known him, a bit queer or so, but steady in the main; and as our poor lady was always moopish and melancholic like, it was nat'ral we should give in to believe it was her that was, as one would say, melancholy mad, and so all true what sir Henry said of her."

"Is sir Henry ever violent?"

"Lord, sir! Mrs Higgins, that's the cook, tells strange tales of him just latterly. He bolts every door, great and small, in the Hall, with his own hands, every night, and walks about in it with a loaded blunderbuss."

"Miss Sims," said the further postilion, "that's my lady's maid, told Mrs Higgins, and she told my sister, who told me, as a secret, sir, that sir Henry always sleeps every night with a bare drawn sword under his pillow, and a couple of loaded pistols stuck into the watch pockets, as they call 'em, and frightens my lady to death with his pranks!"

I could scarcely believe what they were telling me.

"Why, my boy, I cannot believe that all this is true."

"Deed, sir, we wish it warn't."



"How long have you known it?"

"Only a day back, or so."

"And why did you not set off for London, and tell —?"

"Lord, sir! us spread about that sir Henry was mad! No body would believe us, for he's woundy cunning, and can talk as grave as a judge, and as good as the parson, when he chooses; and that being so, if we'd gone up to town with them stories, the great folk would ha' come down, and he'd a' persuaded them it was all false, and what would have become of us?"

"And what is become of the servants? Are they all dumb?"

"Yes, sir, in a manner, seeing as how they have been bound to silence by our poor lady, till she should tell them to give the alarm; and he's been too cunning, latterly, to give her opportunity of doing so. She'll be main glad of your coming, I'll warrant me, for scarce a fly dare leave the house but he'd be after it!"

"Drive on, drive on, boys, for your lives," said I, finding we had at length surmounted the hill, and directed them at once to go to the house of Mr Courthrope. Indeed there was not a moment to be lost, for it was clear that the madman's suspicions were roused, indefinite as might be his apprehensions; and his cunning and violence, each equally to be dreaded, might prompt him to take some dangerous, if not fatal step in my absence.

Fortunately, I found Mr Courthrope at home, and immeasurably shocked he was at my intelligence. It seemed that the Baronet and he had been totally estranged for some months, owing to an affront, which he was now satisfied arose out of his unhappy relative's insanity. Our arrangements were soon made. We exchanged the chariot in which I had returned to town, for a commodious carriage, calculated to hold four or five persons, and drove off to the residence of Dr Y—, one of the most eminent "mad doctors," as they are somewhat unceremoniously denominated. Our interview was but brief. In less than half an hour, Dr Y—, Mr Courthrope, and I, with two keepers, deposited ourselves within and without the vehicle, and set off direct for — Hall.

Mr Courthrope and I were sad enough; and little Dr Y— was calm and lively as if he were obeying an invitation to dinner!

"Suppose Harleigh should grow desperate, should offer resistance!" said Mr Courthrope, very pale.

"Nothing more likely," replied Dr Y—, coolly.

"But what is to be done? My cousin was always an athletic man; and now that the strength of madness?"

"Pho, my dear sir, he would be but as a child in the hands of those two fellows of mine outside; like a wild elephant between two tame ones; ha, ha!"

"You, I dare say, have witnessed so many of these scenes," said I, with a faint smile—for his indifference hurt me; it jarred my own excited feelings.

"For heaven's sake, for Lady Anne's sake, Dr Y—," said Mr Courthrope agitatedly, as a sudden turn of the road brought us in sight of — Hall, "let nothing like violence be used."

"Oh, most assuredly not. 'Tis a system I always eschewed. Never do by foul what may be accomplished by fair means. Our conduct will be regulated to a hair by that of sir Henry. Only leave him to us, and, by hook or by crook, we'll secure him."

"But suppose he should have fire arms," said I; "I know he carries them; he pointed a loaded pistol at me this morning."

"My dear Doctor, how did you know that it was loaded? 'Tis what one would have called at the schools a gratuitous assumption! Madmen have a vast penchant for terrifyng with firearms; but somehow they always forget the ammunition!"

"But only put the case; supposing sir Henry should have got possession of a pistol ready loaded to his hand?"

"Certainly in such a case, something awkward might occur," replied Dr Y—, seriously, "but I trust a good deal to the effect of my eye upon him from the first. 'Tis a kind of talisman among my patients—ha, ha!"

"Poor Lady Anne!" exclaimed Mr Courthrope, "what will become of her."

"Ah! she must be reasoned with, and kept out of the way; otherwise we may expect a scene!" replied the matter of fact Dr Y—.

Now there was a certain something about this my professional brother that was intoler-

able to me; a calm, self-satisfied air, a smirking civility of tone and manner, that, coupled with his truly dreadful calling, and the melancholy enterprise which he at present conducted, really revolted me. How doleful, how odious would be the jocularity of Jack Ketch! And, again, when the Doctor, who was a well bred man, saw the sickening agitation of his two companions, there was an artificial adaption of his manner, in the tones of his voice, and the expression of his features, that offended me, because one felt it to be assumed, in consideration of our weakness! He was, however, in his way, a celebrated and successful man, and I believe deserved to be so.

In due time we reached the park gates, and Dr Y—, Mr Courthrope and I, alighted, directing the carriage to follow us at a leisurely pace to the hall door. I rang the bell; and, after waiting nearly a minute or two, an elderly woman answered our summons.

"Can we see sir Henry Harleigh?" inquired Mr Courthrope.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"And why not? My good woman, we must see sir Henry immediately, on business of the highest importance."

"Indeed! Then you should have come a little earlier!"

"Come a little earlier?" said I; "what do you mean? Sir Henry himself appointed this evening."

"Then it's clear he must have changed his mind; for he and my lady both set off in a post chaise and four some hours ago, howsoever, and I don't know where, either; perhaps you had better go after him!"

We stood looking at one another in amazement.

"In what direction did he go?" I inquired.

"Down the road, sir. He desired me to tell any one that might call, that he was gone off to Wales."

I sighed with vexation and alarm; Mr Courthrope looked pale with apprehension; while Dr Y—, with his eyes half closed, stood looking with a smiling inquisitiveness, at the confident woman that was addressing us. A pretty stand still were we arrived at! What was now to be done?

"Here!" said Dr Y—, in an under tone, beckoning us to follow him a little distance from the door. We did so.

"Pho, Pho!" he whispered, taking our arms into his, "the woman is trifling with us. Sir Henry is at this moment in the Hall; aye, as surely as we are now here!"

"Indeed! How can you possibly?"

"Ah, he must be very clever, either sane or insane, that can deceive me in these matters! 'Tis all a trick of sir Henry's, I'll lay my life on't. The woman did not tell her tale naturally enough. Come, we'll search the Hall, however, before we go back on a fool's errand! Come my good woman," said he, as we reascended the steps, "you have not told us the truth. We happen to know that the baronet and his lady are at this moment above stairs, for we saw him just now at the corner of the window."

This cool invention confounded the woman and she began to hesitate. "Come," pursued our spokesman, "you had better be candid; for we will be so; and tell you we are determined to search this Hall from one end to the other, from top to bottom, but we will find him we come to seek."

"Oh, Lord!" replied the woman with an air of vexation, "you must do as you please, gentlemen; I've given my answer, and you'll take the consequences."

With this she left us. After a short consultation, Mr Courthrope volunteered to go, through the principal rooms alone. In about ten minutes' time he returned, not having seen any thing of the fugitives, except a letter lying on the library table, in the baronet's frank, the ink of which was scarcely dry. It proved only, however, a blank envelop. We determined together to commence a strict search over the whole Hall. Every room, however, we explored in vain, and began to despair of success.

The back drawing room we examined again, hoping to find some note or letter that might give a clue to the baronet's retreat. It commands a fine view of the grounds; and after standing for some moments at the window, narrowly scrutinizing every shrub or tree that we could fancy sir Henry lurking in, or near, we turned together in council once more. Where could he be? Had he really left the place? We cast our eyes upon the mantelpiece and table, on which were scattered various papers, notes,

cards, &c., and one or two volumes, with the baronet's manuscript notes on the margin—and sighed. This, Mr Courthrope informed us, was sir Henry's favorite room, because of the prospect it commanded. We could, however, see nothing to cast a ray of information upon the subject of our inquiries. We determined then, to commence a rigorous search of the outer premises, but were delayed for a time by the violence of the storm. The afternoon had been very gloomy, and at length the rain came down in torrents. The thunder rattled directly overhead, in fearful proximity, followed in a second or two by lightning of terrible vividness. Peal upon peal, flash after flash, amid the continued hissing of the hail and heavy rain, followed one another, with scarce a minute's intermission. Nothing attracted the eye without, but the drenched gloomy grounds, and the angry lightning laden sky; a prospect this, which, coupled with the thoughts of the melancholy errand on which we were engaged, completely depressed our spirits; at least I can answer for my own.

"Gloomy enough work both within and without!" exclaimed Dr Y—. "If sir Henry is traveling, he will be cooled a little, I imagine."

"What can he have done with Lady Anne? I tremble for her safety!" exclaimed Mr Courthrope.

"Oh, you may depend she's safely stowed somewhere or other! These madmen are crafty beyond"—said Dr Y—, when the doors of an old fashioned oaken cabinet, which we had examined but imagined locked, were suddenly thrown wide open, and forth stepped the baronet, in traveling costume, with a composed haughty air.

"Gentlemen," said he, calmly, "are you aware of the consequences of what you are doing? Do you know that I am sir Henry Harleigh, and that this happens to be my house!—By what warrant—at whose command—do you thus presume to intrude upon my privacy?"

He paused, his hand continuing extended towards us with a commanding air. His posture would have charmed a painter. The suddenness of his appearance completely astounded Mr Courthrope and myself, but not so Dr Y—, the experienced Dr Y—! who with a confident bow and smile, stepped forward to meet sir Henry almost at the moment of his extraordinary *entree*, just as if he had been awaiting it. Never, in my life, did I witness such a specimen of consummate self-possession.

"Sir Henry, you have relieved us," said Dr Y—, with animation, from infinite embarrassment; "we have been searching for you in every corner of the house!"

"You have been searching—for me, sir! Your name!" exclaimed the baronet, with mingled hauteur and astonishment, stepping back a pace or two, and drawing himself up to his full height.

"Pray, sir Henry, relieve us, by saying where her ladyship is to be found!" pursued the imperturbable Dr Y—. I could scarce tell why, but I felt that the Doctor had mastered the madman—as if by magic. The poor baronet's unsteady eye wandered from Dr Y— to me, and from me to Mr Courthrope.

"Once more, sir, I beg the favor of your name!" he repeated, not, however, with his former firmness.

"Dr Y—," replied that gentleman promptly, bowing low.

The baronet started. "Dr Y—, of —?" he whispered, after a pause, in a low thrilling tone.

"Precisely—the same, at your service, sir Henry," replied the Doctor, again bowing. Sir Henry's features whitened sensibly. He turned aside, as if he could not bear to look upon Dr Y—, and sank into a chair beside him, murmuring, "then I am ruined!"

"Do not, sir Henry, distress yourself!" said Dr Y— mildly, approaching him; but he was motioned off with an air of disgust. Sir Henry's averted face was full of horror. We stood perfectly silent and motionless in obedience to the hushing signals of Dr Y—.

"George," said sir Henry, addressing Mr Courthrope, in a faltering tone, "you are not my enemy!"

"Dear, dear, Henry!" exclaimed Mr Courthrope, running towards him, and grasping his hand, while the tears nearly overflowed.

"Go and bring Lady Anne hither!" said the baronet, his face still averted, "you will find her in the summer house awaiting my

return!" Mr Courthrope, after the affirmative from Dr Y— and myself, hurried off on his errand, and in a few moments returned, accompanied by Lady Anne, who, in a traveling dress, flew up the grand staircase, burst open the doors, and rushed into the room, almost shrieking, "Where, where is he? Dear, dear, Henry! my husband! What have they done to you? Whither are they going to take you! Oh, wretch!" she groaned, turning towards me her pale, beautiful countenance, full of desperation, "is all this your doing! Love! love!" addressing her husband who never once moved from the posture in which he first placed himself in his chair, "I am your wife! Your own Anne!" and she flung her arms around his neck, kissing him with frantic vehemence.

"I thought we should have a scene!" whispered Dr Y— in my ear, "twas very wrong in me to permit her coming! Pray be calm, my lady," said he, "do, for God's sake—for pity's sake be calm," he continued, apparently unnoticed by sir Henry, whose eyes were fixed on the floor, as if he were in profound meditation. "You will only aggravate his sufferings!"

"Oh yes, yes," she gasped, "I'll be more calm—I am so—There! I am very calm now!" and she strained her grasp of sir Henry with convulsive violence—he all the while passive in her arms as a statue! Dr Y— looked embarrassed—"This will never do; we shall have sir Henry becoming unmanageable," he whispered.

"Can I say a single word with your ladyship, alone?" he inquired, softly.

"No—no—no!" she replied with mournful vehemence through her closed teeth—"you shall never part me from my husband! Shall they love! dearest?" and losing her embrace for a moment, she looked him in the face with an expression of agonizing tenderness, and suddenly re clasped her arms around him with the energy of despair.

"Speak to her ladyship; calm her—you alone have the power," said Dr Y—, addressing sir Henry, with the air of a man who expects to be—who knows that he will be obeyed. His voice seemed to recall the baronet from a reverie, to rather rouse him from a state of stupor, and he tenderly folded his lady in his arms, saying fondly, "Hush, dearest! I will protect you!"

"There! there! did you hear him? Were those the words of—of a madman?" almost shrieked Lady Anne.

"Hush, Anne! my love! my dearest, sweet Anne! They say we must part!" exclaimed the wretched husband in tones of thrilling pathos, wiping away the tears that showered from his poor wife's eyes, "but 'tis only for a while!"

"They never shall! they never shall! I won't—I won't—won't," she sobbed hysterically. He folded her closer in his arms—and looking solemnly upwards, repeated the words, "Take—oh, take her to your care!" He then burst into a laugh, relaxed his hold, and his wretched wife fell swooning into the arms of Mr Courthrope, who instantly carried her from the room.

[To be continued.]

**LIGHT.**—The pure fountains which we drink, reflecting the light of Heaven, points us to the source to which we are indebted for scientific and moral information, and to become prepared for another world which is thus pictured before us. It seems as though it were intended to lay away our too groveling thoughts to reflect upon our future and everlasting concerns. The smiling light which it continually reflects upon reminds us of the capability of our power to show forth the glory of our Maker, and as it sends unremittedly back the pure beams which it receives, so ought we to reflect back the communications of heaven in the instruction, the benefits and the consolation of our fellow beings.

**GENIUS.**—Unless a highly polished mirror reflect and refract the rays of light so as to paint the objects of nature in all their true colors and proportions, in harmonious combination to the eye, they seem only a confused mass of matter, without order, symmetry or beauty. Neither can the rays of mental light appear arrayed in their native glory, unless they properly fall upon the polished mirror of genius, which by its magic powers, dresses up the objects of its contemplation with charms to which the dull and unrefined faculties are altogether strangers.



**NOVEL WRITING.**—Of all kinds of writing, novel writing is the most extensive, as to the reach of its variety, and as to the height or lowness of the talent required for it. Whatever knowledge, imagination, power of analysis, profundity of thought a man possesses, he may use them all amply, effectually, and with high success in the composition of a novel; and on the other hand, however poor the understanding, however feeble the imagination, however obtuse the perceptions—any one who is capable of writing at all, is capable of writing a novel. All the world's a novel, and the men and women are heroes and heroines. In every house—in every street—in every place where human beings meet together—and in every walk of lonely thought and meditation, there is a scene to make a chapter in a novel. There is no passion, or modification of passion, there is no interest or confusion of interests, there is no soliloquy of the joyful or the sorrowful, there is no conversation, be it of drab with drab or sage with sage, which may not be made material for a passage in a novel. There is nothing, indeed, new under the sun—but who knows all that is old? We dwell in a mine of thoughts and in a treasury of feelings, we are rich in the means of knowledge and of emotion beyond conception or expression. As soon might an artist be at a loss for a landscape to draw, as the pen of a ready writer for a topic to embellish and delineate;—if we be poor, it is from the abundance of our riches, for the fruit of observation and of wisdom hangs about us in such wanton clusters, that we doubt the reality from the very copiousness of the supply. Being thus surrounded with humanity in action and passion, which is the element of novel writing, the first impulse of all who wish to write—being driven thereto by the desire of fame, by the delight of philosophy, or by the lack of other employment of time, or other means of procuring a maintenance—their first impulse naturally is to write a novel, for the materials are about them—in their hearts, on their memory, before their eyes. And human life is like a rainbow—not merely because its colors melt one into another, nor that it is composed of tears of sadness and gleams of joy, but because as the rays of light which are reflected from the train of drops, do not come at one and the same time from the same drops to two different spectators, so each individual sees a different rainbow in consequence of his difference of position,—thus humanity and its interests are differently seen by each separate observer. To this difference of position in society, and to varied habits and principles, it is attributable, that such infinitely various views may be and are given of the same object by different writers. Seeing then that novel writing is but the delineation of humanity in some one or other of its many phases it ought not to be regarded with contempt or spoken of with disrespect.

Surely, the delineation of human character must be interesting, not merely to the indolent loungers and the listless child of luxury, but also, and quite as much, to the man of thought and reflection; and when society and its influences are fairly and impressively delineated a field of philosophical speculation and a source of practical wisdom is opened to an attentive reader. But all this, it may be said, depends on the philosophical skill that presides over the narrative, and the experience or sagacity of the hand that delineates. Nay, not altogether so—not by any means so—for there are infinite diversities in the power of observation; and as for philosophy, we are all of us either philosophical ourselves or the cause of philosophy in others. Many a man without any pretensions to philosophy, may from the mere force of observation, write a novel which shall excellently well depict humanity, and furnish food for deep and curious thought. The mere observer lets all his characters speak for themselves, but the philosopher will speak for them, or rather through them. He will, as Goldsmith said to Johnson, make his little fishes speak like whales. And there is no harm in that, if the whale talks well,—only we have one instead of many. The story of Rasselas is Dr Johnson prismatically exhibited; and a very beautiful exhibition it is. Thus every writer of fiction will give you something;—he who thinks will give you himself; he who observes will give you others. Indeed, those who neither think nor observe, will give some entertainment and instruction;—the poorest, weakest, sloppiest, trashy novel that ever was written, all about Nevilles, and Bevilles, and Grevilles, and Devilles, will at least ex-

hibit something of the mind, or mindlessness, or characteristics of the writer. So, while you are laughing at the utter ignorance and profound stupidity of the author, you are contemplating a certain variety in human character. The next time you pass by a second hand book stall, if you are not in too great a hurry, just turn back for a moment and take up, 'The History of Mr Neville and Miss Beville,' you will find it in the box marked, 'Sixpence each.' The pages are not overburdened with type, and in the course of ten minutes you may read through ten times as many pages, and if in the course of those pages you find nothing exciting your thoughts or furnishing you with materials for philosophy, I can only say, you have not a head worth a pin. But perhaps, after all that I have said concerning thinkers and observers, it may be true that every author can in reality give only himself in his book; some, however, are certainly less monotonous than others. There is greater variety in 'Ivanhoe,' and 'Old Mortality,' than there is in 'Rasselas.' But Scott was a great observer as well as philosopher, and while his mind formed his books, the world formed his mind. He did not give us merely the result of thought, but the fruits also of sight and hearing; yet, of course, whatever he reported from sight or hearing, took in some degree the complexion of the mind of the reporter; and this creates a new interest in novel writing—you not only see the characters exhibited, but the mind of the exhibitor too; you have the show and the showman also. It is well if the showman do not thrust himself too much before his own show. To display the absolute reality of character, is nearly, if not quite, impossible—and for this simple reason, that what is the reality to one is not reality to another.

If every author has a peculiar mode of regarding and contemplating human character, every reader in like manner has the same diversity of apprehension. This may be made very clear by a political illustration:—a whig historian and a Tory historian would not give the same representation of the same facts, however candid and accurate they might both aim or affect to be; and in like manner a whig narrative, which might be true and candid in the eyes of a whig, would not be equally true and candid in the eyes of a Tory. Nor could it be possible that an exquisite from the west end, and a plodding citizen in the regions round about the Royal Exchange, should take precisely the same view of human character. No one sees anything ridiculous in himself, but every one can presently discern the absurd and the foolish in whatever differs from himself and his own peculiar standard of taste and propriety. Thus we have an illustration of the infinitude and complexity of interest in the construction of a novel, showing, that while a novel may be to one reader or set of readers full of truth and accuracy, it may appear to another altogether away from the truth of nature, and yet not without amusement, even on account of this very departure from accuracy,—or from supposed accuracy. But after all, there must be truth of some kind or other in every novel, with whatever scientific imperfections it may be constructed, and there must be something good and worth reading in all, but everybody cannot read all, even should they give as much time to the occupation, as Corelli recommended for studying the violin, viz. ten hours a day for ten years.

Novel writing has been considered by many as a low pursuit, exceedingly unintellectual and unphilosophical: and a writer of a great big book of travels, half lies and nine tenths nonsense, has the arrogance to look down with contempt upon a mere novel writer; but where has a traveller half the exercise for skill and philosophy that a novel writer has? A writer of travels has nothing to do but to put down on paper, honestly if he can, whatever he hears and sees; he needs nothing more than the faculty of observation—but the novel writer needs not only to describe that which is, but which ought to be and that which may be. He must not only select from reality, but he must so embellish it that no original shall know his own portrait. His knowledge too must not be confined to any one branch or to any one science, but he must have some knowledge of all knowledge, and he must know how knowledge influences those who possess it. His descriptions must be exceedingly natural, and yet not too real and literal—he must give conversations which everybody seems to have heard, but which, in fact, nobody ever has heard, he must depict cha-

acters so truly, that everybody seems to be acquainted with them, but which no one can directly find amidst all his acquaintance—he must combine the elements of humanity naturally, yet not exactly as they are combined in any existing individuals—he must be able to sympathize with passion, but must have power over it—he must possess the ardor of youth and the discretion of age—he must be able to cast a softening veil of poetry over the harsh realities of life, yet he must on no account depart from the truth of nature—he must love his species well, in order to enter *con amore* into their interests and pursuits, and yet he must be alive to all their faults and imperfections, in order to delineate their characters truly—he must unite the penetration of Mandeville with the gloss of Shaftesbury—he must have a knowledge which searches to the root, and the taste which can admire the flower. In fact, as much may be said for novel writing, as Imlac said for poetry, and then the reader would reply as Rasselas did, "Enough; thou hast convinced me that it is impossible for any one to be a good novel writer."—*London Athenaeum.*

## SPRING.

The bud is in the bough  
And the leaf is in the bud,  
And Earth's beginning now  
In her veins to feel the blood;  
Which warmed by summer's sun  
In th' alembic of the vine,  
From her fountains will overrun  
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom  
That shall decorate the flower,  
Are quickening in the gloom  
Of their subterranean bower;  
And the juices meant to feed  
Trees, vegetables, fruits,  
Unerringly proceed  
To their preappointed roots.

How awful the thought  
Of the wonders under ground,  
Of the mystic changes wrought  
In the silent, dark profound  
How each thing upward tends  
By necessity decreed,  
And a world's support depends  
On the shooting of a seed!

The Summer 's in her ark,  
And this sunny pinioned day  
Is commissioned to remark  
Whether winter holds her sway;  
Go back, thou dove of peace,  
With the myrtle on thy wing,  
Say that floods and tempests cease,  
And the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping Earth  
Till her dreams are all of flowers,  
And the waters look in mirth  
For their overhanging bowers;  
The forest seems to listen  
For the rustle of its leaves,  
And the very skies to glisten  
In the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell  
Has been felt beneath the wave—  
By the dormouse in its cell,  
And the mole within its cave;  
And the summer tribes that creep  
Or in air expand their wings,  
Have started from their sleep,  
At the summons of the Spring.

## THE PARTED.

She was life of my life—  
She was heart of my heart—  
But by Heaven's decree,  
We were fated to part.  
To another she's joined,  
And he mine she can never,  
For her bridegroom is death,  
And they're wedded for ever!  
She has left me forlorn,  
In my sadness and sorrow—  
O'er my loss to bemoan,  
Without hope for the morrow.  
For I've no joy—no pleasure,  
Since from me she parted,  
And I'm wretched and weary,  
Lone and broken hearted.

Like a gem from the mine  
She was taken away—  
Like a jewel, her soul  
Left its casket of clay,  
To be reset again  
In bright glory on high,  
There to shine with the stars  
That bespangle the sky.  
This one hope is left me—  
For O, it is given,  
That the lovers of earth,  
Are united in heaven.  
But I've no joy—no pleasure,  
Since from me she parted—  
O! I'm wretched and weary,  
Lone and broken hearted.

**CONVERSATION.**—It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.

**PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.**—He that can heroically endure adversity, will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul—for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former, is likely not to be transported with the latter.

**CONTENTMENT.**—Happy, superlatively happy that man, and that man only, who can say with the great apostle, "I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content." And the mind, which is thus composed and at peace within himself, satisfied with that portion of enjoyments which a wise and great Providence appoints, is no longer at the mercy of all the changes and chances of this sublunary world; he has nobly emancipated himself from the general servitude to blind and capricious fortune. Equally "without a wish so mean as to be great, as unscarred by the sceptre of pale poverty," he is cool and tranquil enough to relish all the humble blessings of his own state of life. His bosom is at rest, not like the troubled sea, violent in its motions, and foul in its appearance; but like a gentle rivulet all clear and serene, and exhibiting, as in a mirror, every beauty of the landscape around him, together with the splendor and magnificence of the heavens above.

**MENTAL CHARACTER OF THE COBLER.**—Seated all day on a low seat, pressing obdurate last and leather against the epigastrium, dragging reluctant thread into hard and durable stitches, or hammering heels and toes with much monotony—the cobbler's mind, regardless of the proverb, wanders into regions metaphysical, political and theological; and from men thus employed have sprung many founders of sects, religious reformers, gloomy politicians, "bards, sophists, statesmen," and all other "unquiet things," including a countless host of hypochondriacs.—The dark and pensive aspect of shoemakers in general, is matter of common observation. It is but justice to them, however, to say, that their acquisition of knowledge and their habits of reflection, are often such as to command admiration. The hypochondriacal cast of their minds is probably in part, induced by the imperfect action of the stomach, liver, and intestines, in consequence of the position in which they sit at work.

**MACHINE FOR SUBTERRANEAN CORRESPONDENCE.**—M. M. Joppard and Steildorff have recently obtained from the Belgian government a patent for a newly invented instrument called the logophore, by means of which, it is said, that verbal correspondence may be carried on from one place to another, however distant. A practical application of this ingenious invention is to be immediately made between Brussels and Antwerp, by means of subterranean pipes, which will transmit words uttered by the voice from place to place, at intervals of two miles.—Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, a question may be asked and answered between the two towns above mentioned. A logophore will likewise be established between the Royal Palace, at Brussels, and the Castle at Lacken. The expense will not exceed 15,000 or 20,000 francs.

**A SPRING MORNING.**—"For my own part," says Addison, in a sentence which contains livelier emotions than the melody of verse could impart, "I value an hour in a spring morning as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and, at the same time, see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark and uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with sentiments of praise to the great Author of Nature. The mind in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties, and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning." Who can help responding to feelings so beautifully expressed?

**REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.**—The following fact took place during the period when Washington and the half starved, half clad troops were in their winter quarters at Valley Forge. A young man, not quite twenty, from the western part of Massachusetts, was a guard before the General's door, walking back and forth in show, on a tremendous cold morning. Washington came out and accosted him, "my friend, how long have you been on guard here?" "Nearly two hours, sir." "Have you breakfasted?" "No, sir." "Give me your gun and go to breakfast at my table." He did so, and Washington marched the round till he returned.



## THE UNIVERSE AND ITS AUTHOR.

NUMBER VII.

Recent geological researches have brought to light some extraordinary antediluvian deposits, which forcibly illustrate the order of creation on earth as narrated in Genesis.—Among these relics of older time there has not been found, says Mr Sedgwick, 'a single trace of man, or of the work of his hands.' They consist principally of the remains of animals that now appear hideous to us, only because we are unaccustomed to see them, the species having long since been obliterated from nature. Some are of the lizard kind, some combine the fish with the lizard. They are found sometimes imbedded in reeds and grasses of gigantic proportions, in company with the shellfish, as ammonites and nautili, of inordinate bulk as compared with those of the present day. It is necessary only to look at the specimens of these animals, of which there are some in excellent preservation in the museums of London, York, and Scarborough, to be convinced, with Mr Lyell and Sir Charles Bell, that they must have inhabited 'shallow seas and estuaries,' or great inland lakes; that the surface of the earth did not (in their time) rise up in peaks and mountains, or that perpendicular rocks bound in the seas; but that it was flat, slimy, and covered with a loaded and foggy atmosphere. 'There is, indeed,' adds Bell, 'every reason to believe that the classes mammalia and his birds were not then created.'

These inferences, justified as they are by the organic remains found in the antediluvian deposits, exactly coincide with the narrative of Genesis. The waters were first commanded to bring forth 'the moving creature that hath life.' Birds were next created, then the land animals, and finally man, who it is agreed by all geologists, is, as compared with all other races of animated nature, but a recent sojourner on earth.

'We have already hinted,' observes Sir Charles Bell, 'that geologists have discovered, that in the stratified rocks there is proof of a regular succession of formations in the crust of the earth, and that animals of very different structure have been imbedded and are preserved in them. In the earlier formed strata, animals are found which are low, as we choose to express it, in the chain of existence; in higher strata, oviparous animals of great bulk, and more complex structure, are discovered; above the strata containing these oviparous reptiles there are found mammalia; and in the looser and more superficial stratum are the bones of the mastodon, megatherium, rhinoceros, and elephant. Geologists agree that man has been created last of all.'

These facts entitle us to conclude, that the days of creation must have consisted of more than centuries of earth, or rather of epochs, each including perhaps more than a thousand years. The laws of matter, we can not doubt, had been already pronounced, and applied to some at least of the other worlds with which the universe abounds. According to those laws it is perfectly consistent with unlimited creative power, that, as Moses writes, the earth in its first stage should have been 'without form and void,' a chaos of elements which were subsequently blended together and shaped into a sphere by rotation and motion round the sun. Time elapsed in the preparation of the minerals, the precious metals, the coal, and other subterranean treasures,—all of them useful, some absolutely necessary, to the purposes of man. The earth appears, after its first dispositions were accomplished, to have been completely remoulded, before it was deemed fit to be his residence. The shallow seas, the slimy abodes of the ichthyosaurus, the rank grasses, the dense and unwholesome vapors, had disappeared. The mountains had raised their heads, and assisted to purify the atmosphere; the sea had been assigned its limits; the climates had been determined; and the woods and valleys, and green fields, with their garniture of bright streams, and birds, and flowers of a thousand hues, contributed all their charms to form that Paradise which received the first born of our kind.

In thus retracing the progressive steps of creation, we cannot fail to see an intelligent power operating according to laws which are still discerned in action; and at the same time we receive exalted ideas of the dignity attached to man by his Creator, who condescended to take so many ages in moulding and seasoning for him a habitation which, as the Omnipotent, he might have summoned

to perfect existence by a breath. Had man been a mere animal machine, destitute of reason, he would have been the most defenceless creature on earth. The elephant possesses an instrument by which he can grasp his enemy, and an enormous weight by which he can trample him to death. The bear is endowed with a degree of muscular strength by which he can compress the human figure with as much facility as we break a nutshell. The lion and the tiger can spring upon their prey, and fix it by their claws to the earth until they satiate their hunger. But the infant, what a helpless being it is, and remains, long after it first sees the light! The idiot who never enjoyed reason, the melancholy maniac who has been deprived of it, how pitifully weak and dependent are they compared with the rhinoceros or the eagle! Nevertheless it has been given to man to subdue all the tribes of animated nature to his use, and he has fulfilled his destiny in that respect by means of his hand, the most perfect physical instrument with which we are acquainted.—Not all the skill of man has yet been able to imitate the hand in its formation and functions, or to suggest an improvement in one of its joints or muscles. Galen's enthusiastic and eloquent description of it, which the reader will find translated in Dr Kidd's volume, though unrivaled in ancient or modern literature, scarcely does justice to the flexibility, delicacy and strength of this admirable instrument. But it is, after all, nothing more than an instrument: it would have been comparatively powerless had it not been moved to action by the rational faculty of which it is the immediate servant.

Yet, although it is by means of the hand that we operate upon external matter, we can not perceive, as Sir Charles Bell justly remarks, any relation between that instrument and the mind. The hand is not more distinct from the rose which it is about to pluck, than the mind is from this organ of its volition. Indeed, we must all feel that the pulse which beats at the wrist has nothing whatever to do with our will. We may use the hand for our purposes, but its machinery, its vitality, do not in any way depend upon our dictates. The action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, are carried on by laws to which the mind is no party. Had it been otherwise, a single act of omission in ordering the requisite functions on our part might bring life to a premature termination. The fracture of a small filament in the admirable tracery of nervous cords which unites many organs in sympathy, would produce spasm, suffocation and death. Thus then we have two principles of vitality in us; one, that of the mind; the other, that of the frame in which it is enveloped; each perfectly distinct, and manifestly the work of a superior intelligence, who has given us a control over the operations of both, but has taught us the secret of immortality in the laws which disclose their separate existence. The planets move round the sun by his attraction; the blood circulates through our frame by no relation to the mind. The planets and the sun itself shall perish; the blood shall cease to circulate, and the fairest fabric of mortality shall moulder in the dust; but the mind lives independently of matter, as matter does of mind, and can no more be affected, as to its vital essence, by the destruction of the body, than Sirius would be by the extinction of our entire solar system.

Not only are the vital functions of the body independent of our will, but each of our organs has been endowed, without any consent or previous knowledge on our part, with powers admirably suited to its purpose; powers which are not the result of life either of the mind or the body, but of special legislation, founded on premeditated design, and accomplishing an adaptation of means to end, wonderful for their perfection. Thus the heart, to which the lover appeals as the seat of his ardent feelings, as the most sensible organ of his system, may be rudely pressed by the hand without conveying to him the sensation that it has been touched. Harvey's celebrated experiment puts this fact beyond a doubt. It happened that a youth of the noble family of Montgomerie, had his interior exposed in an extraordinary manner, in consequence of an abscess in the side of the chest, which was caused by a fall. The youth was introduced to the presence of Charles L. and Harvey, putting one hand through the aperture, grasped the heart, and so held it for some time without the young man being at all conscious that any new object was in contact with it.

Other observations have since confirmed this discovery, and the heart is now universally declared by medical men to be insensible!—Nevertheless we all well know that the heart is affected not only by the emotions of the mind, but by every change that takes place in the condition of the body. Here then is a complete proof of design. The heart is insensible to touch, which, from its internal position, it was never intended to experience, is yet sensibly alive to every variation in the circulation of the blood, and sympathizes in the strictest manner with the powers of the constitution. There is nothing, however, in the mere principle of life, still less in the physical texture of the heart, to give it insensibility to touch, and sensibility to feeling of the most active and refined description.—As life is animation added to the body when formed, so this peculiar susceptibility of the heart is an endowment added to the organ by Him who made it.

Natural philosophers, in explaining the laws of vision, assure us that the image of the external object is painted on the retina by the rays of light, which, reflected from the object, are refracted by the lens of the eye.—But they have not yet been able to discover by what process the presence of that image, if indeed it be painted on the retina, is conveyed to the mind. We are, and ever shall be, ignorant of the mode in which matter is spiritualized into ideas.

'All that we can say is,' observes Sir Chas Bell, 'that the agitations of the nerves of the outward senses are the signals which the author of nature has made the means of correspondence with the realities. There is no more resemblance between the impressions on the senses and the ideas excited by them, than there is between the sound and the conception raised in the mind of that man who, looking out on a dark and stormy sea, hears the report of cannon, which conveys to him the idea of despair and shipwreck; or between the impression of light on the eye, and the idea of him who, having been long in terror of national convulsion, sees afar off a column of flame, which is the signal of actual revolt.'

Innumerable and powerful as are the arguments in favor of the existence of an omnipotent and benevolent Creator, derived from external matter and the physical constitution of man, those that arise from the phenomena of mind are of preeminent force and dignity. The great parent of intelligent beings must be himself of the highest order of intelligence; and he who gave to the mind that innate sense of right and wrong which we call conscience, must be the personification of all the virtues. But we must not attempt, at present, to go into this great argument.

Original.

## MY LIFE.

BY SETH COMET, ESQ.

*Dedication.*—To you, gentle reader, whatever be your name or age, sex or complexion, class or condition, pursuit or profession, this authentic narrative of facts is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

*Introduction.*—In the sweets of domestic retirement, I am resolved to spend the remainder of my days, and having leisure in the calm enjoyment of ease and tranquility, to review my former life, I am induced to give a brief sketch to the public of my principal adventures and observations, in the hope that they may subserve the cause of truth and science, and aid the general dissemination of useful intelligence: and, gentle reader, a faithful narration of the vicissitudes of a life, which, though distinguished by no very remarkable events, has yet been diversified by a variety of scenes and incidents, (and during which it has been my lot to visit many different countries and nations, where I have experienced many changes of fortune, and where the circumstances in which I have been frequently placed, obliging me to mingle in all ranks of society, have thus given me an opportunity to observe their habits, manners and customs, and afforded more than ordinary facilities for ascertaining the social condition and national character of the different peoples with whom I have sojourned, for examining their private pursuits and public occupation, for studying their individual interests as well as their government policy, and for informing myself of their peculiarities in addition to their general characteristics, and geographical and statistical facts in addition to the particulars enumerated,) will, I trust, abundantly repay you for the trouble of a perusal. But if it should interest, though

it may not instruct, and will amuse though it can not edify, I shall deem the employment of my leisure hours thus devoted to the retrospection of my life and the record of its events, amply compensated; though depending on memory and a few almost illegible notes, (which I had the good fortune to preserve from shipwreck, having lost my most valuable and important papers,) for the materials of my narrative, the task is extremely laborious and perplexing. Thus much to bespeak your candid, attentive perusal, and without further preliminaries, I proceed at once to the relation of my life and travels.

SETH COMET.

*SOURCES OF POVERTY.*—One of the greatest causes of poverty is vice. We would not, by any means, insinuate that a majority of the poor are vicious. Far from it,—in proportion to their numbers we believe that there is as much virtue among the poor as the rich. Of those, however, who become objects of public relief and the inmates of pauper establishments, without doubt a large proportion of them are brought there by their own or the vices of those upon whom they were dependent, and who dragged them down with themselves. This is a well ascertained fact; and it is among the obvious retributions of divine providence that drunkenness, debauchery, idleness, and wilful improvidence, should in most cases in this world, be followed by dreadful penalties, the loss of substance, incapacity of acquisition, ruin of credit, desertion of friends, discontent, recklessness and despair, and a degradation, infamy and wretchedness, commensurate with the guilt, and aggravated by the bitter consciousness of just desert.

One of the next causes of poverty is a want of faculty. The art of living or of procuring a livelihood in such a community as ours, is a considerable matter, and requires a knowledge and judgment, and sagacity, of which a large portion of mankind are not possessed. They are ignorant; they are simple. They are incapable of directing themselves, they lack judgment. They become inefficient. They are unable to make the proper use of the advantages which they have.—They are wasteful of the means of subsistence and comfort which are at any time in their possession. They have a certain recklessness and indifference towards the future, which forbids any thing like frugality. They are easily imposed on by the overreaching and cunning, and villainy of those harpies, who take every possible advantage of their simplicity and necessities; and are ready always, under some deceitful pretence, to plunder them of any miserable pittance, which may be thrown in their way.

Aversion to labor is another great cause of poverty. Labor requires resolution, effort and perseverance. These are, therefore, difficult and are not the effect of any sudden determination, but of early and long continued practice and habit. In a community furnishing innumerable incitements and facilities to dissipation, and where pleasure constitutes the great pursuit of a large portion, labor comes naturally to be considered a hardship; and false notions and improper education represent labor as degrading, and of course increase the general aversion to it.—But the wise appointments of divine providence are fixed, ordinarily the goods of life are to be acquired only at the price of labor. The original law is permanent; and man gets his bread by the sweat of his brow. Idleness tends to poverty as well as to crime; and much of the want, which exists among us, is to be traced immediately to an utter indisposition to labor. In our happy country, labor is always in demand, and seldom fails of its reward; much of the poverty which exists therefore, is to be ascribed to idleness, negligence, and that ridiculous and contemptible pride, which makes men ashamed of honest work.—Colman.

*VARIETIES.*—Nothing is more conducive to the preservation of health than bathing.—The oriental nations, ancient and modern, have made it a matter of religious duty; and the greatest physicians of our day earnestly recommend the practice of this regimen.

A man without discretion, is like a vessel without a helm, which, however rich the cargo, is in continual danger of being wrecked.

A high conceit of one's self, is no proof of excellence.

Learn some useful art, so that you may be independent of the caprice of fortune.



**A NEWSPAPER IN A FAMILY.**—The minds of active children are ever agog after something on which their fancy may rest. This principle of the human faculty never can be satisfied short of enjoyment in something. This being a self-evident position, the question fairly arises, what is the best food for such minds? If we wish their faculties to remain useless, deprive children, as much as possible of all sources of information: teach them that polish, of whatever kind it may be, is superfluous. Then they will either be drones or vagabonds, according as the bent of their inclination may lead them. But, on the contrary, if you would like to have the offspring of your charge both active and useful, place such incentives before them, as would lead a tender and susceptible mind into a train of useful thought, which would so bias future conduct, as to justify the saying of the wise man, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." One great source of this bending of the twig, may be attributed to the reading of newspapers. There is not at any time, more matter placed before a child than he may think he can pursue in the course of a week, after which arrives another treat, until it becomes a matter of course; and in proportion to the expansion of the mind of the child, will his eagerness for the successive paper increase.

When once this thirst for improvement and information has gained an ascendancy, the little fooleries and foibles that so frequently disgrace neighborhoods, and in which none but the frivolous and the uncultivated are generally engaged will be done away. At the same time, such children are more attached to industry, for when the toils of the day are over, a mental collation awaits the mind at home, in the character of a weekly visitant; and children are not seeking relief from toil, by perambulating a neighbor's premises.

These, among a great variety of causes that crowd upon us, are the reasons why we would be willing to direct the attention of parents to the simple article of a newspaper.

**WASHINGTON.**—No matter what may be the birth place of such a man as Washington, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. In the production of Washington it does really appear as if Nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the new. Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications, of some single qualifications. Cæsar was merciful—Scipio was mild—Hannibal was patient—but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his councils, that to the soldier and statesmen, he added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed the sword—necessity stained—victory returned it. If he had paused, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed his country, resigned her crown and retired to a cottage, rather than reign in a capital! Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains—he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy America: the lightnings of Heaven could not resist your sage—the temptations of earth could not corrupt your soldier.

Observation and instruction, reading and conversation, may furnish us with ideas; but it is the labor and meditation of our own minds which must render them either useful or valuable.

The three things most difficult are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

### General Intelligence.

**GEN. BLAIR.**—The following particulars respecting the melancholy death of this gentleman, which we briefly announced in our last week's paper, are extracted from a letter addressed to the editors of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser, and dated Washington, April 2nd, 1834:

"Gen. Blair, of South Carolina, put an end to his existence last evening, about 6 o'clock, probably during a momentary paroxysm of delirium. Aberration of mind had been observed, in several instances, for the last two years, when his nervous system had become disordered by passion, or other causes. To calm the irritability of his nerves, he was in the practice of taking large quantities of opium, which, not unlikely, rendered him in some measure insensible to danger. His conduct has been marked by much singularity for some time. I have been told he diverted himself yesterday in playing marbles with boys, and that he was not in the house of representatives during the day. He was at his quarters most of the day, and much of that time on his bed. Towards evening, gov. Murphy, of Alabama, went to his room to inquire after his health, and to ascertain whether it would be proper to introduce a friend to his acquaintance. A familiar conversation commenced and was carried on for some time, in which gov. Murphy did not notice anything very singular in the manner of gen. Blair, nor did he suspect at that time that his mind was deranged. Gen. Blair rose from his bed, and the two walked about the room a short time, when gen. Blair again took to his bed. He put into the hands of gov. Murphy the letters he had just received from the post office; but whether gen. Blair had read them before gov. Murphy entered his room, I am not advised. Gov. Murphy came to one from Mrs. Blair, and was in the act of handing it back, but gen. Blair requested him to read it. He found it well composed and affectionate, and towards the close she expressed the gratification the family would experience on his return. During this time, gen. Blair appeared to be somewhat affected, and put his hands to his face with some violence, and heaved a deep sigh. Soon after this, he rose again from his bed, assisted by gov. Murphy, and they walked about the room a short time, when gen. Blair went to a sideboard, or cupboard, and turned out a small quantity of port wine, and took no more than was necessary to wet his mouth. At this time gov. Murphy went to the opposite side of the room, and was seating himself in a chair, when he heard the opening of a drawer, and supposed gen. Blair was looking after a handkerchief, or something of the kind, but in an instant he discovered on the glass the reflection of something bright, when he turned his face, and saw gen. Blair holding a pistol at his right temple, and in another instant it exploded, carrying its contents through his head, and partly separating the upper from the lower part of the skull. Governor Murphy caught him before he reached the floor, and eased the force of his fall. An inquest was held last evening, and the jury returned a verdict, that he came to his death by violence committed by himself. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.'"

The following description of the deceased is taken from the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer:

"Gen. James Blair, of South Carolina, whose self sacrifice a few days since is recorded in the newspapers, was a native of Lancaster district, in that state, and born very near the spot that gave birth to gen. Jackson. He was a man of gigantic person, being about six feet six inches in height and of symmetrical proportions, of a fine open and manly countenance, and notwithstanding his great bulk (for he weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds), he was active as well as powerful in all his movements. Nor was his mind disproportioned to his body. Without any advantages of early education, he possessed an aptitude of acquiring knowledge and a facility in applying it to practical purposes, which enabled him to appear respectable upon any ordinary topic into which he might be drawn. It has frequently been a matter of astonishment to friends as well as enemies, that he could write as well as he did upon subjects which an uneducated man like himself could hardly be supposed conversant; but there was a native genius in poor Blair that rose above all conventional disadvantages, and made him great, where other men were only great with all the adventitious helps of a finished education. But with all his excellent qualities, he was the victim of great failings. He was ardent and excitable, and unhappily addicted to artificial stimulants to excitability. He knew his infirmity and lamented it. He tried harder than most men we have known to conquer this propensity—and he did conquer it for long periods, and had lately made up his mind to do so entirely. He had joined himself to the Methodist church, and determined upon a thorough change of habit. Probably that very change, too suddenly adopted, has destroyed him. We knew him well, and we know that a nobler spirit never inhabited a human bosom. He was brave to the very verge of utter indifference to danger. He never knew nor understood the meaning of fear, and was at the same time bland and gentle in all the

relations of life. A more affectionate husband or a tenderer parent lived not on earth. Heaven send consolation to the wife of his bosom, and the young and only child he has left an unprotected orphan! His bereaved widow, whom we know to have been the object of his intense affections, is a most amiable and worthy woman, and it was immediately after hearing her letter read to him by governor Murphy, of Alabama, that he committed the act which deprived him of life, his family of its protector and its head, and the district he represented in congress of a man probably more decidedly and thoroughly popular, than any other who ever lived within it. General Blair was about 44 years of age."

**CAPE BRETON.**—Appalling accounts are contained in the Nova Scotian of the 19th ult., of the famine and distress prevailing in some parts of Cape Breton. It is said that in one settlement about forty families, consisting of 170 persons, of whom 13 are children, are for the most part reduced to one meal per day, and this consisting wholly of potatoes of miserable quality; and that the effect of such bad description of food, and of solely existing on it, has been severe and troublesome diarrhoea. It is stated, adds the N. Y. Commercial, that after partaking of their scanty and wretched meal, the parents have to contrive to put their children to sleep, in hopes thereby to diminish or postpone their craving for more food—which they have not to give them—and to render their infants' cries from hunger less frequent.

**FOUNDINGS.**—We learn from the same paper, that during the past winter near a dozen infants have been abandoned by their parents, and left on the steps, or placed in the halls of houses in the city of New York. The punishment for such offence is made by law severe, as it ought to be, no less than several years hard labor in the state prison. The last case the editors had heard of was on Wednesday evening, when an infant apparently a year old, was lodged behind the hall door of a house in Beekman street, having a label pinned to its clothes with this inscription: "The mother of this child not being able to support it, has placed it under the protection of the public. Its name is Witworth Cunard."

**A SECOND DURANT.**—On Wednesday afternoon a young gentleman, a mechanic, in Baltimore, named Mills, made a beautiful and successful ascension from Federal Hill, in a balloon of his own construction and inflation. He ascended at ten minutes before five, and after remaining in the air nearly stationary for some minutes, threw out ballast, and rose to a rash height. It was supposed he landed at Magotha, or on Kent Island.

**CANADIAN AFFAIRS.**—An act has been recently passed by the legislature of Upper Canada to render the judges of the king's bench in that province independent of the crown. The editor of the Toronto Journal, in commenting upon the acts and designs of Messrs Papineau, O. Grady and Mackenzie, says: "The crisis has made clear the designs of these three notable characters beyond the possibility of doubt, quibble, or mistake,—anarchy, revolution, republicanism—separation from Great Britain and union with the United States."

**SUICIDE.**—On Wednesday evening, says the N. Y. Commercial, a gentleman arrived at Philadelphia in the Baltimore stage, and took lodgings at the Fulton House, corner of Water and Chesnut streets. He was well dressed, and genteel in his appearance; made particular inquiries at the bar, and was talkative and familiar with the lad that lit him to his chamber. Soon after the waiter left the room, he quit it, and passing through a long entry, opened a window and sprang into the street. He fell head foremost on the pavement, and dashed his brains out. From papers found in his pocket, his name is supposed to have been John Smith, that he belonged to Baltimore, that he was a master carpenter and overseer of many workmen.

**THE EXPATRIATED POLES.**—The following remarks relative to these unfortunate strangers, which we take from the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, will meet with a ready response from every humane bosom, and especially from those who, like the conductor of the Literary Inquirer, have themselves been the objects of that friendly regard and those kind offices, which native Americans so generously and promptly render to all who seek a refuge in this land of freedom and of equal rights:—not excepting even those by whose countrymen their civil and religious institutions have been misrepresented, their manners and customs caricatured, and their hospitality requited with ingratitude and contempt.

"There is something too touching in the circumstances under which these gallant wanderers are thrown upon our shores, to be passed by as a mere common place paragraph of news—to be read today and forgotten tomorrow. If they spoke our language and each individual could approach the public ear with the recital of his own sad history, and spread the mournful detail of his sufferings before our citizens, it would create a deep and active sympathy in every American bosom. We see among us a large body of

brave men who are known to be driven from their own country by the vindictive despotism of a conqueror, and they are understood to be destitute. All this is before us. We know too, that they are part of that heroic race whose blood has been poured out upon our own fields in the contest which liberated us from the fetters of a tyrannical government. We know that these gallant victims of arbitrary power are the countrymen Kosciusko who participated with us in our struggle for freedom, and of Pulaski who laid down his life in it. But we only look at these things in the general. We are little aware of what our feelings would be, if each one of these unfortunate refugees could reach our hearts with the history of his individual sufferings, with the melancholy reality of a fate tinged by the traits and replete with all the vicissitudes of romance. Could the volume of their distresses be opened to our perusal, how would the tear of sensibility bedew its pages! It would show us every variety of woe and every complication of misery. There are those among these wretched men who have in their own persons felt every chord of human misery stretched to its utmost tension—they have suffered in all the relations of life and all the ties that bind the heart to life, have been sundered by the ruthless hand of tyranny. As fathers, as brothers, as children, and as husbands, they have been torn from all they revere and all they love on earth. They are but the remnants of their own existence. They are the monuments of their own miseries.

"Thou canst not name one tender tie,  
But here dissolved, its relics lie."

The father has seen one gallant son butchered by his side, and another driven in endless exile into the frozen bogs of Siberia—the son has witnessed the dying agonies of his murdered mother, and the husband has been torn from the arms of the partner of his bosom—each left to a fate rendered doubly wretched by its uncertainty—with-out even the consolation of knowing that death has interposed its mercy! Nearly all these men have the nearest and dearest relations now either in the deserts of Siberia, or wearing the chains of Russian bondage amidst the cruelties of a savage soldiery—the sport and mockery of the remorseless minions of a despot. One of them, a noble looking man, upon being inquired of as to his family, answered that he had a wife and—he could go no farther; tears, the manly tears of a soldier, checked his utterance. Numerous instances might be mentioned of the same touching character—indeed every individual has his history of woe. There is a mistake upon our community with regard to these people. They come not to this country voluntarily. So far from being adventurers who have intruded their distresses upon us, we see it stated in a most respectable evening paper that they protested strongly against being sent into a land with whose language they were unacquainted, and to whose habits and institutions they were total strangers. The Austrian government is certainly entitled to commendation for its liberality, and the officers of the Squadron deserve much for their kindness in carrying into execution the behest of their sovereign, but it must be remembered nevertheless, that these Poles are not thrown upon our charities of choice.

What is to be done for them? That is the question for our consideration. Something must be done, and that promptly, and without obtruding our own suggestions upon the community, we have believed it our duty to call its attention to the subject. If we shall have awakened that attention, our object for the present is attained."

**LIGHTNING.**—On the 21st ult. the dwelling house of Dr James Cochran, of East Thomaston, Me, was struck with lightning. The family consisted of ten persons, and were all in bed. Two children slept in a room adjoining the kitchen and their bed room door was left open. Two sons slept in an upper chamber in separate beds, and the other two daughters slept also in an upper chamber; Dr C. and wife, slept in a lower room. The fluid commenced its ravages at one of the chimneys and demolished it down to the top of the house. It then followed the timber and other wood work so as to pervade every part of the wall, as well as every room and closet in the dwelling, destroying in its course much of the furniture. The headboard of the bedstead where the two first named young ladies slept, was split in three pieces and thrown over the bed, the bedding and the contents of a trunk standing under it were burnt in several places. A bunch of keys and some copper in the pantaloons pocket of one of the doctor's sons were melted, and a trunk by the side of the bed and the contents were considerably injured. Much of the wainscot work and plastering of the house were thrown off—windows and the contents of closets were removed from their places and destroyed. But the greatest destruction was by a portion of the fluid which passed down the south end of the house, one half of which, adjoining the kitchen, was literally shattered to pieces and thrown in every direction. A portion of the broken fragments were thrown across the sleeping rooms in the chamber with such force as to be driven through the plastered wall on the opposite side of the rooms, and another portion was thrown through the kitchen and across the bed room where the



## THE UNIVERSE AND ITS AUTHOR.

NUMBER VII.

Recent geological researches have brought to light some extraordinary antediluvian deposits, which forcibly illustrate the order of creation on earth as narrated in Genesis. Among these relics of older time there has not been found, says Mr Sedgwick, 'a single trace of man, or of the work of his hands.' They consist principally of the remains of animals that now appear hideous to us, only because we are unaccustomed to see them, the species having long since been obliterated from nature. Some are of the lizard kind, some combine the fish with the lizard. They are found sometimes imbedded in reeds and grasses of gigantic proportions, in company with the shellfish, as ammonites and nautili, of inordinate bulk as compared with those of the present day. It is necessary only to look at the specimens of these animals, of which there are some in excellent preservation in the museums of London, York, and Scarborough, to be convinced, with Mr Lyell and Sir Charles Bell, that they must have inhabited 'shallow seas and estuaries,' or great inland lakes; that the surface of the earth did not (in their time) rise up in peaks and mountains, or that perpendicular rocks bound in the seas; but that it was flat, slimy, and covered with a loaded and foggy atmosphere. 'There is, indeed,' adds Bell, 'every reason to believe that the classes mammalia and his birds were not then created.'

These inferences, justified as they are by the organic remains found in the antediluvian deposits, exactly coincide with the narrative of Genesis. The waters were first commanded to bring forth 'the moving creature that hath life.' Birds were next created, then the land animals, and finally man, who it is agreed by all geologists, is, as compared with all other races of animated nature, but a recent sojourner on earth.

'We have already hinted,' observes Sir Charles Bell, 'that geologists have discovered, that in the stratified rocks there is proof of a regular succession of formations in the crust of the earth, and that animals of very different structure have been imbedded and are preserved in them. In the earlier formed strata, animals are found which are low, as we choose to express it, in the chain of existence; in higher strata, oviparous animals of great bulk, and more complex structure, are discovered; above the strata containing these oviparous reptiles there are found mammalia; and in the looser and more superficial stratum are the bones of the mastodon, megatherium, rhinoceros, and elephant. Geologists agree that man has been created last of all.'

These facts entitle us to conclude, that the days of creation must have consisted of more than centuries of earth, or rather of epochs, each including perhaps more than a thousand years. The laws of matter, we can not doubt, had been already pronounced, and applied to some at least of the other worlds with which the universe abounds. According to those laws it is perfectly consistent with unlimited creative power, that, as Moses writes, the earth in its first stage should have been 'without form and void,' a chaos of elements which were subsequently blended together and shaped into a sphere by rotation and motion round the sun. Time elapsed in the preparation of the minerals, the precious metals, the coal, and other subterranean treasures,—all of them useful, some absolutely necessary, to the purposes of man. The earth appears, after its first dispositions were accomplished, to have been completely remoulded, before it was deemed fit to be his residence. The shallow seas, the slimy abodes of the ichthyosaurus, the rank grasses, the dense and unwholesome vapors, had disappeared. The mountains had raised their heads, and assisted to purify the atmosphere; the sea had been assigned its limits; the climates had been determined; and the woods and valleys, and green fields, with their garniture of bright streams, and birds, and flowers of a thousand hues, contributed all their charms to form that Paradise which received the first born of our kind.

In thus retracing the progressive steps of creation, we cannot fail to see an intelligent power operating according to laws which are still discerned in action; and at the same time we receive exalted ideas of the dignity attached to man by his Creator, who condescended to take so many ages in moulding and seasoning for him a habitation which, as the Omnipotent, he might have summoned

to perfect existence by a breath. Had man been a mere animal machine, destitute of reason, he would have been the most defenceless creature on earth. The elephant possesses an instrument by which he can grasp his enemy, and an enormous weight by which he can trample him to death. The bear is endowed with a degree of muscular strength by which he can compress the human figure with as much facility as we break a nutshell. The lion and the tiger can spring upon their prey, and fix it by their claws to the earth until they satiate their hunger. But the infant, what a helpless being it is, and remains, long after it first sees the light! The idiot who never enjoyed reason, the melancholy maniac who has been deprived of it, how pitifully weak and dependent are they compared with the rhinoceros or the eagle! Nevertheless it has been given to man to subdue all the tribes of animated nature to his use, and he has fulfilled his destiny in that respect by means of his hand, the most perfect physical instrument with which we are acquainted.

Not all the skill of man has yet been able to imitate the hand in its formation and functions, or to suggest an improvement in one of its joints or muscles. Galen's enthusiastic and eloquent description of it, which the reader will find translated in Dr Kidd's volume, though unrivaled in ancient or modern literature, scarcely does justice to the flexibility, delicacy and strength of this admirable instrument. But it is, after all, nothing more than an instrument: it would have been comparatively powerless had it not been moved to action by the rational faculty of which it is the immediate servant.

Yet, although it is by means of the hand that we operate upon external matter, we can not perceive, as Sir Charles Bell justly remarks, any relation between that instrument and the mind. The hand is not more distinct from the rose which it is about to pluck, than the mind is from this organ of its volition. Indeed, we must all feel that the pulse which beats at the wrist has nothing whatever to do with our will. We may use the hand for our purposes, but its machinery, its vitality, do not in any way depend upon our dictates. The action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, are carried on by laws to which the mind is no party. Had it been otherwise, a single act of omission in ordering the requisite functions on our part might bring life to a premature termination. The fracture of a small filament in the admirable tracery of nervous cords which unites many organs in sympathy, would produce spasm, suffocation and death. Thus then we have two principles of vitality in us; one, that of the mind; the other, that of the frame in which it is enveloped; each perfectly distinct, and manifestly the work of a superior intelligence, who has given us a control over the operations of both, but has taught us the secret of immortality in the laws which disclose their separate existence. The planets move round the sun by his attraction; the blood circulates through our frame by no relation to the mind. The planets and the sun itself shall perish; the blood shall cease to circulate, and the fairest fabric of mortality shall moulder in the dust; but the mind lives independently of matter, as matter does of mind, and can no more be affected, as to its vital essence, by the destruction of the body, than Sirius would be by the extinction of our entire solar system.

Not only are the vital functions of the body independent of our will, but each of our organs has been endowed, without any consent or previous knowledge on our part, with powers admirably suited to its purpose; powers which are not the result of life either of the mind or the body, but of special legislation, founded on premeditated design, and accomplishing an adaptation of means to end, wonderful for their perfection. Thus the heart, to which the lover appeals as the seat of his ardent feelings, as the most sensible organ of his system, may be rudely pressed by the hand without conveying to him the sensation that it has been touched. Harvey's celebrated experiment puts this fact beyond a doubt. It happened that a youth of the noble family of Montgomerie, had his interior exposed in an extraordinary manner, in consequence of an abscess in the side of the chest, which was caused by a fall. The youth was introduced to the presence of Charles L. and Harvey, putting one hand through the aperture, grasped the heart, and so held it for some time without the young man being at all conscious that any new object was in contact with it.

Other observations have since confirmed this discovery, and the heart is now universally declared by medical men to be insensible!—Nevertheless we all well know that the heart is affected not only by the emotions of the mind, but by every change that takes place in the condition of the body. Here then is a complete proof of design. The heart is insensible to touch, which, from its internal position, it was never intended to experience, is yet sensibly alive to every variation in the circulation of the blood, and sympathizes in the strictest manner with the powers of the constitution. There is nothing, however, in the mere principle of life, still less in the physical texture of the heart, to give it insensibility to touch, and sensibility to feeling of the most active and refined description.—As life is animation added to the body when formed, so this peculiar susceptibility of the heart is an endowment added to the organ by Him who made it.

Natural philosophers, in explaining the laws of vision, assure us that the image of the external object is painted on the retina by the rays of light, which, reflected from the object, are refracted by the lens of the eye.—But they have not yet been able to discover by what process the presence of that image, if indeed it be painted on the retina, is conveyed to the mind. We are, and ever shall be, ignorant of the mode in which matter is spiritualized into idea.

'All that we can say is,' observes Sir Chas Bell, 'that the agitations of the nerves of the outward senses are the signals which the author of nature has made the means of correspondence with the realities. There is no more resemblance between the impressions on the senses and the ideas excited by them, than there is between the sound and the conception raised in the mind of that man who, looking out on a dark and stormy sea, hears the report of cannon, which conveys to him the idea of despair and shipwreck; or between the impression of light on the eye, and the idea of him who, having been long in terror of national convulsion, sees afar off a column of flame, which is the signal of actual revolt.'

Innumerable and powerful as are the arguments in favor of the existence of an omnipotent and benevolent Creator, derived from external matter and the physical constitution of man, those that arise from the phenomena of mind are of preeminent force and dignity. The great parent of intelligent beings must be himself of the highest order of intelligence; and he who gave to the mind that innate sense of right and wrong which we call conscience, must be the personification of all the virtues. But we must not attempt, at present, to go into this great argument.

Original.

## MY LIFE.

BY SETH COMET, ESQ.

**Dedication.**—To you, gentle reader, whatever be your name or age, sex or complexion, class or condition, pursuit or profession, this authentic narrative of facts is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

**Introduction.**—In the sweets of domestic retirement, I am resolved to spend the remainder of my days, and having leisure in the calm enjoyment of ease and tranquility, to review my former life, I am induced to give a brief sketch to the public of my principal adventures and observations, in the hope that they may subserve the cause of truth and science, and aid the general dissemination of useful intelligence: and, gentle reader, a faithful narration of the vicissitudes of a life, which, though distinguished by no very remarkable events, has yet been diversified by a variety of scenes and incidents, (and during which it has been my lot to visit many different countries and nations, where I have experienced many changes of fortune, and where the circumstances in which I have been frequently placed, obliging me to mingle in all ranks of society, have thus given me an opportunity to observe their habits, manners and customs, and afforded more than ordinary facilities for ascertaining the social condition and national character of the different peoples with whom I have sojourned, for examining their private pursuits and public occupation, for studying their individual interests as well as their government policy, and for informing myself of their peculiarities in addition to their general characteristics, and geographical and statistical facts in addition to the particulars enumerated,) will, I trust, abundantly repay you for the trouble of a perusal. But if it should interest, though

it may not instruct, and will amuse though it can not edify, I shall deem the employment of my leisure hours thus devoted to the retrospection of my life and the record of its events, amply compensated; though depending on memory and a few almost illegible notes, (which I had the good fortune to preserve from shipwreck, having lost my most valuable and important papers,) for the materials of my narrative, the task is extremely laborious and perplexing. Thus much to bespeak your candid, attentive perusal, and without further preliminaries, I proceed at once to the relation of my life and travels.

SETH COMET.

**SOURCES OF POVERTY.**—One of the greatest causes of poverty is vice. We would not, by any means, insinuate that a majority of the poor are vicious. Far from it,—in proportion to their numbers we believe that there is as much virtue among the poor as the rich. Of those, however, who become objects of public relief and the inmates of pauper establishments, without doubt a large proportion of them are brought there by their own or the vices of those upon whom they were dependent, and who dragged them down with themselves. This is a well ascertained fact; and it is among the obvious retributions of divine providence that drunkenness, debauchery, idleness, and wilful improvidence, should in most cases in this world, be followed by dreadful penalties, the loss of substance, incapacity of acquisition, ruin of credit, desertion of friends, discontent, recklessness and despair, and a degradation, infamy and wretchedness, commensurate with the guilt, and aggravated by the bitter consciousness of just desert.

One of the next causes of poverty is a want of faculty. The art of living or of procuring a livelihood in such a community as ours, is a considerable matter, and requires a knowledge and judgment, and sagacity, of which a large portion of mankind are not possessed. They are ignorant; they are simple. They are incapable of directing themselves, they lack judgment. They become inefficient. They are unable to make the proper use of the advantages which they have.—They are wasteful of the means of subsistence and comfort which are at any time in their possession. They have a certain recklessness and indifference towards the future, which forbids any thing like frugality. They are easily imposed on by the overreaching and cunning, and villainy of those harpies, who take every possible advantage of their simplicity and necessities; and are ready always, under some deceitful pretence, to plunder them of any miserable pittance, which may be thrown in their way.

Aversion to labor is another great cause of poverty. Labor requires resolution, effort and perseverance. These are, therefore, difficult and are not the effect of any sudden determination, but of early and long continued practice and habit. In a community furnishing innumerable incitements and facilities to dissipation, and where pleasure constitutes the great pursuit of a large portion, labor comes naturally to be considered a hardship; and false notions and improper education represent labor as degrading, and of course increase the general aversion to it.—But the wise appointments of divine providence are fixed, ordinarily the goods of life are to be acquired only at the price of labor. The original law is permanent; and man gets his bread by the sweat of his brow. Idleness tends to poverty as well as to crime; and much of the want, which exists among us, is to be traced immediately to an utter indisposition to labor. In our happy country, labor is always in demand, and seldom fails of its reward; much of the poverty which exists therefore, is to be ascribed to idleness, negligence, and that ridiculous and contemptible pride, which makes men ashamed of honest work.—Colman.

**VARIETIES.**—Nothing is more conducive to the preservation of health than bathing.—The oriental nations, ancient and modern, have made it a matter of religious duty; and the greatest physicians of our day earnestly recommend the practice of this regimen.

A man without discretion, is like a vessel without a helm, which, however rich the cargo, is in continual danger of being wrecked.

A high conceit of one's self, is no proof of excellence.

Learn some useful art, so that you may be independent of the caprice of fortune.



**A NEWSPAPER IN A FAMILY.**—The minds of active children are ever agog after something on which their fancy may rest. This principle of the human faculty never can be satisfied short of enjoyment in something. This being a self-evident position, the question fairly arises, what is the best food for such minds? If we wish their faculties to remain useless, deprive children, as much as possible of all sources of information: teach them that polish, of whatever kind it may be, is superfluous. Then they will either be drones or vagabonds, according as the bent of their inclination may lend them. But, on the contrary, if you would like to have the offspring of your charge both active and useful, place such incentives before them, as would lead a tender and susceptible mind into a train of useful thought, which would so bias future conduct, as to justify the saying of the wise man, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." One great source of this bending of the twig, may be attributed to the reading of newspapers. There is not at any time, more matter placed before a child than he may think he can pursue in the course of a week, after which arrives another treat, until it becomes a matter of course; and in proportion to the expansion of the mind of the child, will his eagerness for the successive paper increase.

When once this thirst for improvement and information has gained an ascendancy, the little fooleries and foibles that so frequently disgrace neighborhoods, and in which none but the frivolous and the uncultivated are generally engaged will be done away. At the same time, such children are more attached to industry, for when the toils of the day are over, a mental collation awaits the mind at home, in the character of a weekly visitant; and children are not seeking relief from toil, by perambulating a neighbor's premises.

These, among a great variety of causes that crowd upon us, are the reasons why we would be willing to direct the attention of parents to the simple article of a newspaper.

**WASHINGTON.**—No matter what may be the birth place of such a man as Washington, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. In the production of Washington it does really appear as if Nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the new. Individual instances no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications, of some single qualifications. Caesar was merciful—Scipio was mild—Hannibal was patient—but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his councils, that to the soldier and statesman, he added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed the sword—necessity stained—victory returned it. If he had paused, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed his country, resigned her crown and retired to a cottage, rather than reign in a capital! Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains—he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy America: the lightnings of Heaven could not resist your sage—the temptations of earth could not corrupt your soldier.

Observation and instruction, reading and conversation, may furnish us with ideas; but it is the labor and meditation of our own minds which must render them either useful or valuable.

The three things most difficult are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

### General Intelligence.

**GEN. BLAIR.**—The following particulars respecting the melancholy death of this gentleman, which we briefly announced in our last week's paper, are extracted from a letter addressed to the editors of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser, and dated Washington, April 2nd, 1834:

"Gen. Blair, of South Carolina, put an end to his existence last evening, about 6 o'clock, probably during a momentary paroxysm of delirium. Aberration of mind had been observed, in several instances, for the last two years, when his nervous system had become disordered by passion, or other causes. To calm the irritability of his nerves, he was in the practice of taking large quantities of opium, which, not unlikely, rendered him in some measure insensible to danger. His conduct has been marked by much singularity for some time. I have been told he diverted himself yesterday in playing marbles with boys, and that he was not in the house of representatives during the day. He was at his quarters most of the day, and much of that time on his bed. Towards evening, gov. Murphy, of Alabama, went to his room to inquire after his health, and to ascertain whether it would be proper to introduce a friend to his acquaintance. A familiar conversation commenced and was carried on for some time, in which gov. Murphy did not notice anything very singular in the manner of gen. Blair, nor did he suspect at that time that his mind was deranged. Gen. Blair rose from his bed, and the two walked about the room a short time, when gen. Blair again took to his bed. He put into the hands of gov. Murphy the letters he had just received from the post office; but whether gen. Blair had read them before gov. Murphy entered his room, I am not advised. Gov. Murphy came to one from Mrs. Blair, and was in the act of handing it back, but gen. Blair requested him to read it. He found it well composed and affectionate, and towards the close she expressed the gratification the family would experience on his return. During this time, gen. Blair appeared to be somewhat affected, and put his hands to his face with some violence, and heaved a deep sigh. Soon after this, he rose again from his bed, assisted by gov. Murphy, and they walked about the room a short time, when gen. Blair went to a sideboard, or cupboard, and turned out a small quantity of port wine, and took no more than was necessary to wet his mouth. At this time gov. Murphy went to the opposite side of the room, and was seated in a chair, when he heard the opening of a drawer, and supposed gen. Blair was looking after a handkerchief, or something of the kind, but in an instant he discovered on the glass the reflection of something bright, when he turned his face, and saw gen. Blair holding a pistol at his right temple, and in another instant it exploded, carrying its contents through his head, and partly separating the upper from the lower part of the skull. Governor Murphy caught him before he reached the floor, and eased the force of his fall. An inquest was held last evening, and the jury returned a verdict, that he came to his death by violence committed by himself. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.'"

The following description of the deceased is taken from the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer:

"Gen. James Blair, of South Carolina, whose self-sacrifice a few days since is recorded in the newspapers, was a native of Lancaster district, in that state, and born very near the spot that gave birth to gen. Jackson. He was a man of gigantic person, being about six feet six inches in height and of symmetrical proportions, of a fine open and manly countenance, and notwithstanding his great bulk (for he weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds), he was active as well as powerful in all his movements. Nor was his mind disproportioned to his body. Without any advantages of early education, he possessed an aptitude of acquiring knowledge and a facility in applying it to practical purposes, which enabled him to appear respectable upon any ordinary topic into which he might be drawn. It has frequently been a matter of astonishment to friends as well as enemies, that he could write as well as he did upon subjects which an uneducated man like himself could hardly be supposed conversant; but there was a native genius in poor Blair that rose above all conventional disadvantages, and made him great, where other men were only great with all the adventitious helps of a finished education. But with all his excellent qualities, he was the victim of great failings. He was ardent and excitable, and unhappily addicted to artificial stimulants to excitability. He knew his infirmity and lamented it. He tried harder than most men we have known to conquer this propensity—and he did conquer it for long periods, and had lately made up his mind to do so entirely. He had joined himself to the Methodist church, and determined upon a thorough change of habit. Probably that very change, too suddenly adopted, had destroyed him. We knew him well, and we know that a nobler spirit never inhabited a human bosom. He was brave to the very verge of utter indifference to danger. He never knew nor understood the meaning of fear, and was at the same time bland and gentle in all the

relations of life. A more affectionate husband or a tenderer parent lived not on earth. Heaven send consolation to the wife of his bosom, and the young and only child he has left an unprotected orphan! His bereaved widow, whom we know to have been the object of his intense affections, is a most amiable and worthy woman, and it was immediately after hearing her letter read to him by governor Murphy, of Alabama, that he committed the act which deprived him of life, his family of its protector and its head, and the district he represented in congress of a man probably more decidedly and thoroughly popular, than any other who ever lived within it. General Blair was about 44 years of age."

**CAPE BRETON.**—Appalling accounts are contained in the Nova Scotian of the 19th ult., of the famine and distress prevailing in some parts of Cape Breton. It is said that in one settlement about forty families, consisting of 170 persons, of whom 13 are children, are for the most part reduced to one meal per day, and this consisting wholly of potatoes of miserable quality; and that the effect of such bad description of food, and of solely existing on it, has been severe and troublesome diarrhoea. It is stated, adds the N. Y. Commercial, that after partaking of their scanty and wretched meal, the parents have to contrive to put their children to sleep, in hopes thereby to diminish or postpone their craving for more food—which they have not to give them—and to render their infants' cries from hunger less frequent.

**FOUNDLINGS.**—We learn from the same paper, that during the past winter near a dozen infants have been abandoned by their parents, and left on the steps, or placed in the halls of houses in the city of New York. The punishment for such offence is made by law severe, as it ought to be, no less than several years hard labor in the state prison. The last case the editors had heard of was on Wednesday evening, when an infant apparently a year old, was lodged behind the hall door of a house in Beekman street, having a label pinned to its clothes with this inscription: "The mother of this child not being able to support it, has placed it under the protection of the public. Its name is Witworth Cunard."

**A SECOND DURANT.**—On Wednesday afternoon a young gentleman, a mechanic, in Baltimore, named Mills, made a beautiful and successful ascension from Federal Hill, in a balloon of his own construction and inflation. He ascended at ten minutes before five, and after remaining in the air nearly stationary for some minutes, threw out ballast, and rose to a rash height. It was supposed he landed at Magotha, or on Kent Island.

**CANADIAN AFFAIRS.**—An act has been recently passed by the legislature of Upper Canada to render the judges of the king's bench in that province independent of the crown. The editor of the Toronto Journal, in commenting upon the acts and designs of Messrs. Papineau, O. Grady and Mackenzie, says: "The crisis has made clear the designs of these three notable characters beyond the possibility of doubt, quibble, or mistake,—anarchy, revolution, republicanism—separation from Great Britain and union with the United States."

**SUICIDE.**—On Wednesday evening, says the N. Y. Commercial, a gentleman arrived at Philadelphia in the Baltimore stage, and took lodgings at the Fulton House, corner of Water and Chesnut streets. He was well dressed, and genteel in his appearance; made particular inquiries at the bar, and was talkative and familiar with the lad that lit him to his chamber. Soon after the waiter left the room, he quit it, and passing through a long entry, opened a window and sprang into the street. He fell head foremost on the pavement, and dashed his brains out. From papers found in his pocket, his name is supposed to have been John Smith, that he belonged to Baltimore, that he was a master carpenter and overseer of many workmen.

**THE EXPATRIATED POLES.**—The following remarks relative to these unfortunate strangers, which we take from the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, will meet with a ready response from every humane bosom, and especially from those who, like the conductor of the Literary Inquirer, have themselves been the objects of that friendly regard and those kind offices, which native Americans so generously and promptly render to all who seek a refuge in this land of freedom and of equal rights:—not excepting even those by whose countrymen their civil and religious institutions have been misrepresented, their manners and customs caricatured, and their hospitality requited with ingratitude and contempt.

"There is something too touching in the circumstances under which these gallant wanderers are thrown upon our shores, to be passed by as a mere common place paragraph of news—to be read today and forgotten tomorrow. If they spoke our language and each individual could approach the public ear with the recital of his own sad history, and spread the mournful detail of his sufferings before our citizens, it would create a deep and active sympathy in every American bosom. We see among us a large body of

brave men who are known to be driven from their own country by the vindictive despotism of a conqueror, and they are understood to be destitute. All this is before us. We know too, that they are part of that heroic race whose blood has been poured out upon our own fields in the contest which liberated us from the fetters of a tyrannical government. We know that these gallant victims of arbitrary power are the countrymen Kosciusko who participated with us in our struggle for freedom, and of Pulaski who laid down his life in it. But we only look at these things in the general. We are little aware of what our feelings would be, if each one of these unfortunate refugees could reach our hearts with the history of his individual sufferings, with the melancholy reality of a fate tintured by the traits and replete with all the vicissitudes of romance. Could the volume of their distresses be opened to our perusal, how would the tear of sensibility bedew its pages! It would show us every variety of woe and every complication of misery. There are those among these wretched men who have in their own persons felt every chord of human misery stretched to its utmost tension—they have suffered in all the relations of life and all the ties that bind the heart to life; have been sundered by the ruthless hand of tyranny. As fathers, as brothers, as children, and as husbands, they have been torn from all they revere and all they love on earth. They are but the remnants of their own existence. They are the monuments of their own miseries.

"Thou canst not name one tender tie,  
But here dissolved, its relics lie."

The father has seen one gallant son butchered by his side, and another driven in endless exile into the frozen bogs of Siberia—the son has witnessed the dying agonies of his murdered mother, and the husband has been torn from the arms of the partner of his bosom—each left to a fate rendered doubly wretched by its uncertainty—with-out even the consolation of knowing that death has interposed its mercy! Nearly all these men have the nearest and dearest relations now either in the deserts of Siberia, or wearing the chains of Russian bondage amidst the cruelties of a savage soldiery—the sport and mockery of the remorseless minions of a despot. One of them, a noble looking man, upon being inquired of as to his family, answered that he had a wife and—he could go no farther; tears, the manly tears of a soldier, checked his utterance. Numerous instances might be mentioned of the same touching character—indeed every individual has his history of woe. There is a mistake upon our community with regard to these people. They come not to this country voluntarily. So far from being adventurers who have intruded their distresses upon us, we see it stated in a most respectable evening paper that they protested strongly against being sent into a land with whose language they were unacquainted, and to whose habits and institutions they were total strangers. The Austrian government is certainly entitled to commendation for its liberality, and the officers of the Squadron deserve much for their kindness in carrying into execution the behest of their sovereign, but it must be remembered nevertheless, that these Poles are not thrown upon our charities of choice.

What is to be done for them? That is the question for our consideration. Something must be done, and that promptly, and without obtruding our own suggestions upon the community, we have believed it our duty to call its attention to the subject. If we shall have awakened that attention, our object for the present is attained."

**LIGHTNING.**—On the 21st ult. the dwelling house of Dr James Cochran, of East Thomaston, Me, was struck with lightning. The family consisted of ten persons, and were all in bed. Two children slept in a room adjoining the kitchen and their bed room door was left open. Two sons slept in an upper chamber in separate beds, and the other two daughters slept also in an upper chamber; Dr C. and wife, slept in a lower room. The fluid commenced its ravages at one of the chimneys and demolished it down to the top of the house. It then followed the timber and other wood work so as to pervade every part of the wall, as well as every room and closet in the dwelling, destroying in its course much of the furniture. The headboard of the bedstead where the two first named young ladies slept, was split in three pieces and thrown over the bed, the bedding and the contents of a trunk standing under it were burnt in several places. A bunch of keys and some copper in the pantaloons pocket of one of the doctor's sons were melted, and a trunk by the side of the bed and the contents were considerably injured. Much of the wainscot work and plastering of the house were thrown off—windows and the contents of closets were removed from their places and destroyed. But the greatest destruction was by a portion of the fluid which passed down the south end of the house, one half of which, adjoining the kitchen, was literally shattered to pieces and thrown in every direction. A portion of the broken fragments were thrown across the sleeping rooms in the chamber with such force as to be driven through the plastered wall on the opposite side of the rooms, and another portion was thrown through the kitchen and across the bed room where the



two children slept with the bed room door open, breaking the door and door frame to pieces, and shattering the casing of the bed room. The splinters in this case must have passed within a foot of the occupants of the bed. Not one of the family was in the least injured, nor one of the functions of life for a moment suspended!—*Portland Argus*.

**CANAL BOARD.**—This board, which consists of the canal commissioners and the commissioners of the canal fund, has just closed a session of forty-four days; and the acting canal commissioners have left the city to take charge of their respective lines of the canals.

The canals, it is confidently believed, will be navigable throughout their whole extent on the 17th inst.—*Albany Argus*.

**RAFTS IN THE CANAL.**—It is provided by a regulation adopted by the canal board, at its late session, that no tow of timber navigating the canals, shall consist of more than six cribs; and each raft is required, in the night time, to have a conspicuous light on the forward end of the same.—*Id.*

**VERY LATE FROM EUROPE.**—By the arrival in New York, last week, of the packet ship *Europe*, which left Liverpool on the 16th of March, and reached the American coast in fifteen days, we have advices from England to the 15th of March inclusive. For the following extracts we are chiefly indebted to the N. Y. Com. Advertiser:

**England.**—Leave was given on the 12th of March to Sir A. Agnew, for the introduction of three bills,—one "to promote the observance of the Lord's day"—another "to explain and amend certain acts relative to the observance of the Sabbath day in Scotland"—and a third "to enable local authorities to change Saturday and Monday fairs and markets to other days." On the 13th of March, Mr. Ripton moved for leave to bring in a bill "for relieving the Archbishops and Bishops of the established Church from their legislative and other judicial duties in the house of Peers." After discussion the motion was negatived—124 to 52. The North American Postage Bill (for the exemption of the United States newspapers from the interior postage) passed through committee on the 14th ult. was reported, and ordered for a third reading. Mr. Buckingham gave notice, that on the 26th of May, he would move for leave to bring in a bill for the prevention of duelling; and also for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the vice of drunkenness. Lord Althorpe stated that he intended to propose that the House should adjourn for the recess from Wednesday, March, 26th, to Monday, April 14th.

**Ireland.**—This unhappy country continues to be afflicted by agitation and outrage. Disorders are still rife, and crimes perpetrated in various parts of it, for the discovery of which large rewards are offered.

**France.**—The disturbance at Lyons have been temporarily suppressed, but nothing appears to have been done by the government to secure permanent tranquility and content. Wages are at the same low rate as ever, bread as difficult to purchase. So long as this exists order cannot reign in Lyons. M. Cabert has stated in a few burning words, the injustice and cruelty of the government in this matter. He says, after detailing the revolt of the workmen:—"And wherefore? Because they are worn out with labor and suffering, and their masters wanted to reduce their wages, already insufficient to maintain them and their families, because they ask for bread. 'We cannot exist,' they cried. 'Well then die of hunger,' responded the voice of unquenching power. 'We would rather die by our swords,' they cried again. 'Then die by your swords you shall,' was the answer they received!"

**Portugal.**—A report was current in Paris, that Don Pedro had been discomfited in a encounter; but its authenticity was doubted.

**Spain.**—Intelligence had arrived from Madrid by express to the 7th of March. At that time the city was said to be tranquil, although great apprehensions were entertained of a serious convulsion. A popular commotion had occurred at Madrid, on the 2d ult. The northern provinces continue in insubordination, and liable to all the miseries of civil war. The report of the conclusion of the treaty with the United States is confirmed.

**Holland.**—Polari, alias Carreri, was found guilty on the 10th of March, of the robbery of the jewels of the Princess of Orange, and condemned to stand on a scaffold at the Hague for half an hour, to be confined for twelve years in a house of correction, and to the payment of the costs, with orders for an extract of the sentence to be posted up at the Hague and at Brussels, and that the articles, as many of them as are in the hands of justice, shall be restored to the owner. The culprit has confessed his guilt, and related all the circumstances that preceded, accompanied, and followed the robbery of the diamonds. He persisted in the declaration that he had no communication with any person in the palace.

**Turkey.**—A report prevailed at Constantinople on the 11th of February, that England had peremptorily required the Sultan to renounce

the engagements into which she had entered with Russia. This requisition is said to have visibly embarrassed the Porte, and its correctness is confidently spoken of.

**Russia.**—Accounts from St Petersburg of the 22d of February state, that the commercial treaty concluded at the beginning of last year, between the Russian Empire and the United States is now made public. The kingdom of Poland is included in this treaty, which determines the commercial relations of the two parties entirely on the basis of reciprocity, and is to remain in force until January, 1839. If neither party announces an intention to let it expire at the end of that time, it is to be in force for another year, and so on from year, till one of the parties gives notice of its intention to make a change.

**Germany.**—The *Zeitung* of the 4th of March states, that an insurrection had broken out at Paderborn, and that the peasants of the neighboring villages had left their homes, armed with articles of husbandry, and had entered the town to give vent to their feeling, in consequence of a new tax, and the seizure of their property.—The tax had been raised in the proportion of \$2 1-2 to 1 1-2, as it was formerly. The cavalry interfered, and they were induced to retire peacefully, in consequence of assurances that the tax would be reduced.

**Italy.**—The *Meteor*, an English schooner, whilst discharging a cargo of gunpowder at Malta, was blown up by its ignition, and the lives of twenty-eight persons destroyed, among whom were the captain, two merchants, and a custom house officer.

**Belgium.**—The decline of commercial prosperity in the large towns, is still a topic of constant and no doubt just, complaint.

## LITERARY INQUIRER,

AND  
Repertory of Literature & General Intelligence.

BUFFALO, APRIL 16, 1834.

**TRAVELING AGENTS.**—Charles Hughes, Samuel Shaw, and Samuel Rose.

**NOTICES.**—Hereafter the back numbers will be supplied only to new subscribers who pay one year's subscription in advance. Of an edition of one thousand copies, we have now on hand scarcely fifty sets of back numbers; and yet, strange as it may appear, we have not received in advance payments a sufficient sum to defray the current expenses of the office, to say nothing about paper, rent, &c.

A few weeks since we sent to our distant subscribers bills to the amount of nearly three hundred dollars, of which we have not yet received twenty dollars! Our paper makers want money, our landlords want money, and our men want money;—will not our subscribers enable us to supply these wants? Our necessity compels us to speak thus plainly. Had not so many of our subscribers in the city of Buffalo promptly paid both the past and present year's subscription, we should have been compelled long ere this to discontinue our paper—not for any lack of subscribers, but simply and purely for the want of means to carry it on.

**ADDRESS.**—While the proprietor of this journal gratefully announces the encouraging fact, that the number of subscribers has so rapidly increased within the last few weeks, as to leave scarcely fifty complete sets of the back numbers; he must, at the same time, be allowed to express his regret that so very few either of the old or new subscribers should have paid for the present year in advance. Within three months the number of our subscribers has been nearly doubled. Desirous of doing every thing in our power to evince our gratitude for this signal and unexpected success, we are induced to propose some alterations in our original plan, which can not fail to give great and very general satisfaction. Among the contemplated improvements, as may be seen by the accompanying prospectus of our third volume, are the TOTAL EXCLUSION OF ADVERTISEMENTS—the substitution of THREE WIDE COLUMNS for the four narrow ones at present used—and the division of every year's numbers into TWO VOLUMES, each containing two hundred and eight large quarto pages. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that those who prefer doing so, can have two or more volumes bound in one; so that, while to new subscribers the proposed arrangement will be important, it need not increase a single cent the expense of our old ones.

When we commenced the present volume, it was our intention to devote about two pages and a half to advertisements, from which we expected to derive a yearly income of from three to five hundred dollars, in addition to the saving arising from the reduced quantity of new matter that we should have weekly to furnish. Hence subscribers will perceive the absolute necessity of complying with our request to pay in advance, that we may be enabled to meet our large and greatly increased weekly expenditure. It is universally acknowledged, that, even at present, the *Literary Inquirer* is one of the best and cheapest papers published in Western New York; and when

the contemplated improvements are made and advertisements excluded, it will, we think, bear a comparison with the oldest and most approved periodicals in the country.

We have a few copies of the First Volume on hand, which we will sell for \$1.50 in numbers, or \$2.00 neatly bound. Any person obtaining three yearly subscribers, and forwarding payment in advance, shall receive an unbound—and any person obtaining four yearly subscribers, and forwarding payment in advance, shall receive a bound copy of Vol. I.

**NAVIGATION.**—The navigation of Lake Erie has been open for some days. The *William Peacock*, which arrived from Detroit on the 9th instant, was the first to visit our port. She has been succeeded by other steam boats, which, like herself, have again departed for the west. The boats on the lake, will, it is said, commence their regular trips between this city and Detroit, on the 20th instant.

**LAUNCH.**—A schooner, called the *Panama* of Silver Creek, of 70 tons burthen, was launched at that place on the 26th ult. She is to ply between Silver Creek and this city.

**CONGRESS.**—In the house of representatives, on the 5th instant, the previous question on the on the resolutions relative to the removal of the deposits, reported by the committee of ways and means, was moved by Mr. Mason, of Va, and sustained. The vote was then taken on the different resolutions, as follows:—1st Resolution, (that the Bank of the U. S. ought not to be re-chartered,) yeas 135, nays 82, majority 53. 2d. (That the deposits ought not to be restored to the U. S. bank,) yeas 119, nays 104, majority 15. 3d. (That the state banks ought to be continued as the places of deposit, and further provision to be made by law, relative to selecting, taking securities, &c. &c.) yeas 117, nays 105, majority 12. 4th. (For the appointment of a committee to investigate the conduct of the bank,) yeas 174, nays 41, majority 133.

**LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.**—In the Senate, on the 5th instant, the bill to authorize the survey of a canal route between Rochester and Olean, was read the third time, and passed.

In the assembly, on the 7th instant, the house resolved itself into a committee of the whole, Mr. Ellithorp in the chair, on the bill to incorporate the *Commercial Bank of Buffalo*, and after the passing the first six sections of the bill respectively, rose and reported, with the view of referring it to a select committee to make it conform to the provisions of the bill to incorporate the *Oneida County Bank*.

In the assembly, Mr. Humphrey made a long and laborious report urging various reasons against the existing mode of employing our state prison convicts, concluding with a bill directing the governor to appoint three commissioners to inquire into the economy, discipline and government of the convicts. The bill provides that the said commissioners shall have power to discontinue such mechanical branches as conflict with the mechanic interests of the state. The report was also accompanied by a resolution instructing our representatives in congress to support a plan for the transportation of convicts. Eight times the usual number of the report were ordered to be printed.

On the 4th instant, Mr. Morris called for the consideration of the resolution above referred to, and which is as follows: *Resolved*, That the senators in congress from this state be directed, and the representatives requested, to use their endeavors to procure the passage of a law authorizing the government of the United States to provide some foreign place to which persons convicted of felony in the several states, may be transported by the sentence of the state courts. After some remarks from Mr. Gordon on the merits of the proposed plan, the question was taken, and the resolution passed, yeas 66, noes 33.

**LITERARY NOTICE.**—Key & Biddle, of Philadelphia, have just published Vol. II. Part XI. of the *Christian Library*, containing the Life of Bishop Wilson—concluded; and Sermons by the right rev. Joseph Butler, D. C. L., late Lord Bishop of Durham. The publishers, we perceive, respectfully remind those who have not paid their subscriptions to this periodical, that the price will be enhanced to \$5 unless they remit the amount before the first of May next.

**MARRIED.**—On the 13th inst., by the Rev. E. Tucker, Mr. A. P. Child, to Helen, eldest daughter of the late Paschal Pratt, esq., all of this city. Also, by the Rev. Mr. Shelton, S. H. Macy, esq., to Miss Emmeline S. Atkins, all of Buffalo.

**ITEMS.**—Wm. L. Mackenzie, esq., the gentleman who has repeatedly been expelled from the parliament of Upper Canada, has been recently chosen lord mayor of the city of Toronto (late York) in that province.

The packet ship *Roscoe*, arrived at New York from England, brought sixty thousand, the *Hibernia* seventy thousand, and the *Pacific* three hundred thousand dollars in specie.

**SURGICAL OPERATION.**—We learn from the *Fredonia Censor*, that Dr. C. Jones performed the operation of paracentesis thoracis (cutting through between the ribs into the chest,) to discharge a collection of matter about the heart and left lobe of the lungs. The collection was so great as to fill the whole of the left and push the heart entirely into the right side of the chest. The patient operated upon is the son of Mr. William Cornwell, of Westfield,—about five years old. He is now in a fair way to recover. The collection of matter took place in consequence of previous active inflammation of the lungs, & the bad practice of the physician in not bleeding him on the commencement of the disease.

## Advertisements.

**PROSPECTUS of the THIRD VOLUME of the LITERARY INQUIRER, AND REPERTORY OF LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE,** which will be commenced on or about the first Wednesday in July of the present year, and be distinguished by such important and valuable improvements and so large an increase in the quantity of reading matter, (without any advance in price,) as to render it one of the best and cheapest periodicals in the United States.

This journal, which was commenced on the first of January, 1832, under the patronage of the Buffalo Lyceum, is devoted to Original and Selected Tales, Essays, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Literary Notices, Poetry, and General Intelligence. It is published weekly on a sheet of the same size as the *New York Mirror*, and, like that journal, each page of the third volume will have three wide and well filled columns: it will be printed on paper of fine quality, and with nearly new type, in quarto form, making in the year two volumes of twenty-six numbers, or two hundred and eight large pages. At the end of each volume a handsome title page and copious index will be given.

The first five pages will be regularly devoted to Literature and Miscellanies, including original and selected articles of an instructive and entertaining nature. The sixth and seventh pages will constitute the editorial department, in which will be furnished brief notices of new works, a summary of the latest and most important news—domestic and foreign, &c. The last page will be chiefly occupied with original and selected poetry, but will occasionally contain scientific intelligence, humorous sketches, &c.

Some time since the editor offered a premium of Fifty Dollars for the best Original Tale that should be written for this paper; Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Poem; and Twenty-five Dollars for the best Original Biography of some eminent character. The contributions sent in competition for these premiums have been all submitted to the committee, and we propose publishing the PRIZE ARTICLES in the first number of our third volume.

Orders and communications must be addressed (postage free) to the proprietor,

W. VERRINDER,  
177, Main street, Buffalo.

April 16, 1834.

**TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS and others.**—Any person obtaining three annual subscribers to this paper, and becoming responsible for the same, shall receive one copy of the First Volume for their trouble; and any person obtaining five annual subscribers, and assuming a similar responsibility, shall receive for their trouble a copy of the Second Volume.

It will be optional with new subscribers either to take the back numbers or not; indeed, we have so few copies left, that we should prefer their commencing with the last number published. All letters (except such as contain a remittance of six or ten dollars) must be post paid.

Buffalo, March 12. W. VERRINDER.

**A FEW complete sets of the First Volume of the Literary Inquirer,** may be obtained, price \$1.50 each, at the office of publication.

**PIANO FORTE TUNING and REPAIRING** of every description, done in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms, by

O. & H. P. WHITTLESEY,  
No. 8, Elliott Square.

Buffalo, March 5, 1834.

**OIL CLOTHS, CROWN GLASS, &c.**—The subscribers have just received at their shop Number 212 Main street, an elegant and well assorted supply of Oil Cloths, among which are *Hearth Rugs, Door Pieces, Store Cloths, &c.*

Likewise **BOSTON CROWN GLASS** of all sizes, from 10 by 8 to 22 by 14; Pittsburgh and other Cylinder Glass; also Mixed Paints, Oil Putty, &c. Those who are desirous of any of the above articles, would do well to call and examine for themselves.

WILGUS & BURTON,  
Buffalo, March 1

**LITTLE'S MUSEUM of Foreign Literature, Science and Art.** Contents of the No. for March: Cunningham's Lives of the Painters, Tour to the American lakes, Almanach Auf Das Jahr, 1834; Coleridge, Leyden, Lamb, Campbell, Moore, Wilson; My Gentle Child, Cheap and Dear Countries—England and India, Traveling in England and India, French Privateering in the West Indies, Fair Anne Macleod, Yankee Criticism on Cyril Thornton, The Forsaken Child, Turkey in 1832, O, ye Hours, Hymn to Night, Reverse of the Medal of Napoleon, France and its Aristocracy, Tradesmen in Paris and London, Law in the Fifth Quarter of the World, Force of Association among the French, American Tories, Additions to Pellico's Narrative, The Invention of Savings, Banks, William Wilberforce, esq., Mrs. Hannah Moore, Franklin's Familiar Letters, The Fancy Fair, Animal Magnetism, Spanish Novels, Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, Letters on Masonry, Indian Treas, State of Medicine in Europe and Asiatic Turkey, Retribution, Matrimony in the East, A Lee shore on the coast of Judah, On observing an infant start, and then smile in its sleep.

J. C. MEERS, Agent.



**THE KALEIDOSCOPE.**—We hereby give notice to our friends and the public, that, unless we receive a considerable addition to our subscription list, the Kaleidoscope will be discontinued at the end of the year, or first volume, in July next.

We are aware that the publication is not conducted with the attention and spirit necessary to render it what we intended it should be, but this also is to be attributed to the little encouragement extended to our undertaking, which is now an actual expense to the publishers; but justice to those who have paid in advance, requires that we should continue it for a year from its commencement; and we pledge ourselves both to them and to those who may yet be disposed to subscribe that it shall be thus continued.

Our paper never alludes to party politics or meddles with controverted points of religious belief, but will continue to be as it has heretofore been, devoted to moral and interesting tales, biographies of eminent men, anecdotes and authentic narratives relating to the first settlement of the Western country, comprising the difficulties and the arduous conflicts to which our forefathers were subjected in their encounters with the savage aborigines, the promotion of morality and the cause of temperance and of true religion, original essays on literary and scientific subjects, articles of agricultural information, recipes and improvements in domestic economy, notices and reviews of new publications and of new discoveries in the arts and sciences, select pieces of music for the piano or guitar, anecdotes and poetry.

The price, two dollars a year, in every instance payable in advance, is low, considering that we insert no advertisements. Persons obtaining ten subscribers and remitting us twenty dollars in United States Bank notes, shall receive eleven copies of the paper for one year. For this purpose any person may act as agent; on such remittance we will bear the expense and risk of sending by mail; and in case of loss, on satisfactory evidence that the money was mailed, the papers shall be furnished.

Postmasters generally are requested to act as agents, and are allowed to retain ten per cent of all collections. Orders to be addressed to the publishers of the Kaleidoscope, Nashville, Te.

**PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.**—To parents, teachers, school committees, and all interested in the improvement of youth.—It is not yet quite a year since Parley's Magazine was commenced. During that short period the number of subscribers has increased to 20,000, and the work has received, every where, the most unqualified approbation. It has found its way to thousands of families, and while it has entertained the social circle, its unobtrusive lessons have, we trust, often had a salutary influence on the juvenile mind and heart. It has also found its way to the school room; and many classes of young pupils have been cheered twice a month by the welcome voice of the teacher bidding them to lay aside, for a few days, the class book which they have read over and over, perhaps twenty times, and read the pages of Parley's Magazine. The demand for the work, to be used in schools, is rapidly increasing.

Encouraged by such unexampled success, the publishers have resolved to render it still more worthy of so liberal patronage; and not to remit their exertions till they see it introduced into families & schools, throughout the whole length and breadth of the United States.

We propose to present, in the progress of each volume, a great variety of interesting and important topics, among which are the following:

1. Natural History: Of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, plants, flowers, trees, the human frame, &c.
2. Biography: Especially of the young.
3. Geography: Accounts of places, manners, customs, &c.
4. Travels and Voyages in various parts of the world.
5. Lively Description of the Curiosities of Nature and Art, in each of the United States & in other countries.
6. Lessons on Objects that daily surround Children in the parlor, nursery, garden, &c. Accounts of trades and employments.
7. Particular Duties of the Young, to parents, teachers, brothers, sisters, &c.
8. Bible Lessons and Stories.
9. Narratives: Such as are well authenticated. Original tales.
10. Parables, Fables, and Proverbs, where the moral is obvious and excellent.
11. Poetry: Adapted to the youthful capacity and feelings.
12. Intelligence: Embracing accounts of juvenile books, societies, and remarkable occurrences.

Many of these subjects will be illustrated by numerous and beautiful engravings, prepared by the best artists, and selected not only with a view to adorn the work, but to improve the taste, cultivate the mind, and raise the affections of the young to appropriate and worthy objects. We would make them better children, better brothers, better sisters, better pupils, better associates, and, in the end, better citizens.

We beg the friends of education, especially parents and teachers, to view the matter in this

light. Let children look upon the pictures, not as pictures merely; but let them be taught to study them. What can be more rich in valuable materials for instructive lessons than a good engraving?

After this brief explanation of our principles and purposes, we ask the cooperation of all who receive this circular. Will you aid us, by your influence, in this great work, the formation of mind and character for the rising generation? Will you assist us all in your power, in our endeavor to introduce into American schools, and parlors, and firesides, the stories and lessons of Parley's Magazine?

Every single number of the new volume will have a strong paper cover, abundantly sufficient to preserve the work in good order for binding, and for use in schools.

The yearly subscription being but One Dollar, our friends will perceive the impracticability of keeping open so many thousand accounts. It is therefore indispensable that we should require payment always in advance.

Two numbers more will close the first year, and we now give this notice that all who desire to continue the magazine, may signify their intention by a seasonable advance for the second year.

If any of the subscribers should not receive all their numbers, they can request the postmaster to notify us of such as are missing, and they shall be sent again free of charge.

Ten Copies free of Postage.—To accommodate associations, for distribution, we will deliver at any post office in the United States, free of postage, ten copies to one address, for ten dollars remitted to us without cost.

Boston, Feb. 1834. LILLY, WAIT & CO.

**THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.**—The first volume of the People's Magazine, which is just completed, was commenced as an experiment. The unqualified approbation it has every where received, and the large list of subscribers it has already obtained, induce the publishers to continue their efforts to make the work what they intended from the first—a permanent family magazine—one, too, which shall be still more worthy the high character it sustains. In pursuance of this determination, they will withhold no pains or expense. They have already secured such aid in the editorial department, as they deem necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The great object of the People's Magazine, then, is to convey useful instruction, in plain and familiar, but chaste language, and in the cheapest possible form, to every cottage and fire-side in the land. There are few families to be found, who can not afford to spend one dollar a year, for a visiter, twice a month, which shall give them valuable information and advice, on subjects connected with their usefulness and happiness—which, while it shall not fail to interest and amuse, shall have still higher and nobler purposes in view—the improvement of the mind, and the cultivation of the heart.

Natural history will continue to receive, as it deserves, a considerable share of our attention. This science embraces many more topics than at first view might be supposed. Whatever relates to the character, nature, or internal structure of men, animals, and things, is properly a subject of natural history.

But we shall not confine ourselves wholly to the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of nature. We shall launch out, often, into history, arts, manufactures, &c. The pages of history are full of instruction. Biography will also be deemed an appropriate subject. In short, nothing which is calculated to benefit the minds and hearts of our readers, will be intentionally excluded.

We do not expect, in a semimonthly magazine, to present all the important intelligence of the day, but only such as may be deemed of permanent value, as a matter of record. Even this will sometimes appear late. But delay has its advantages. Much mischief has been done, and many unnecessary pangs inflicted, by an injudicious eagerness to circulate early intelligence.

Every one will recollect instances, where the public press has in this way widely circulated false statements. These evils the People's Magazine will endeavor to avoid.

Engravings of a superior character will continue to be furnished; but while we labor, in this way, to render the work attractive, we intend much more. We believe that good engravings may be made to do something more than to amuse, or even illustrate. We believe they may be made to cultivate the mind, chasten the imagination, develop taste, and benefit the heart. Shall the teachers of vice find engravings an important aid in accomplishing unworthy ends—in vitiating the taste and imagination—and shall the teachers of virtue neglect to turn them to a good account, in the promotion of human happiness?

Terms.—Published every other Saturday, at one dollar a year, in advance. Six copies for five dollars. The postage of this magazine is three quarters of a cent for 100 miles, and one cent and a quarter only for the greatest distance. By special decision of the postmaster general.

LILLY, WAIT & CO., Publishers,  
121 Washington street, Boston.

**KEY & BIDDLE,** 23 Minor street, Philadelphia, have recently published the following new and popular works:

An Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation. A work which obtained the prize on the following question, proposed by the national institute of France: "What has been the influence of reformation by Luther, on the political situation of the different states of Europe, and on the progress of knowledge." By C. Villers, sometime professor of philosophy in the university of Gottingen. Translated from the French, with an introductory essay, by Samuel Miller, D. D., professor of the theological seminary at Princeton, N. J.

A Harmony of the Four Gospels. Founded on the arrangement of the Harmonia Evangelica, by the Rev. Edward Greswell. With the Practical Reflections of Dr Doddridge. Designed for the use of families and schools, and for private edification. By the Rev. E. Bickersteth, rector of Wolton, Herts.

Life of William Cowper, esq. Compiled from his correspondence and other authenticated sources of information, containing remarks on his writings, and on the peculiarities of his interesting character, never before published. By Thomas Taylor.

The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfections and Government of God. By the Rev. Henry Fergus, Dunfermline, author of the History of the United States of America till the termination of the war of independence, in Lardner's Cyclopaedia.

An Address to the Young, on the Importance of Religion. By John Foster, author of Essays on decision of character, &c.

Young Lady's Own Book. A manual of intellectual improvement and moral deportment. By the author of the young man's own book.

Young Man's Own Book. A manual of politeness, intellectual improvement and moral deportment, calculated to form the character on a solid basis, and to insure respectability and success in life.

A Mother's First Thoughts. By the author of "Faith's Telescope."

Dick's Philosophy of a Future State.

Dick's Philosophy of Religion. Or an illustration of the moral laws of the universe.

Dick's Christian Philosopher. Or the connection of science and philosophy with religion. Example, or Family Scenes.

Dick on the Improvement of Society, by the diffusion of knowledge: or an illustration of the advantages which would result from a more general dissemination of rational and scientific information among all ranks. Illustrated with engravings.

The Young Lady's Sunday Book. A practical manual of the Christian duties of piety, benevolence and self-government; prepared with particular reference to the formation of the female character. By the author of the young lady's own book, &c. &c.

The Church of God. In a series of dissertations. By the Rev. Robert Wilson Evans, author of "Rectory of Valehead."

Fox's Book of Martyrs. A universal history of Christian martyrdom, from the birth of the Blessed Savior to the latest periods of persecution. Originally composed by the Rev. John Fox, A. M., and now corrected throughout; with copious and important additions relative to the recent persecutions in the south of France. In 2 vols. 8vo., beautifully printed on fine and remarkably strong paper. Being the only complete and unimpaired edition of this work ever presented to the American public. Embellished with a portrait of the venerable Fox, and sixty engravings illustrative of the suffering martyrs in all ages of the world.

Transatlantic Sketches. Comprising visits to the most interesting scenes in North and South America, and the West Indies, with notes on negro slavery and Canadian emigration. By Capt. Alexander, 42d royal highlanders, F. R. G. S. M. R. A. S. &c., author of Travels in Asia, Persia, &c.

Irish Eloquence. The speeches of the celebrated Irish orators, Phillips, Curran, and Grattan; to which is added, the powerful appeal of Robert Emmett, at the close of his trial for high treason. In 1 vol. 8vo.

The Soldier's Bride, and other Tales. By James Hall, esq., author of "Legends of the West," &c.

Journal of a Nobleman. Being a narrative of his residence at Vienna, during congress.

Legends of the West. By James Hall.

Harpe's Head. A legend of Kentucky. By the author of Legends of the West.

Memoirs of Hortense Beauharnais, Duchess of St Leu and Exqueen of Holland.

Parochial Lectures on the Law and the Gospel. By Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., rector of St Paul's church, Philadelphia.

Letters from the North of Europe. By Cha's Boileau Elliott, esq.

Memoranda at the Court of London. By Richard Rush, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825; second edition, with alterations and additions by the author. 1 vol. 8vo., printed on fine paper, and bound in embossed muslin.

**PROSPECTUS** of the Southern Evangelical Magazine, and Repository of Biblical Literature, &c.—The subscriber proposes to edit a religious periodical under the above title. It will be issued monthly, from the office of the Religious Herald, Richmond, in pamphlet form. Each number will contain two sheets of closely printed matter, and will be stitched in covers.

The work will be devoted to the cultivation of religious literature, and to the extension of liberal principles: and will consist of essays, original and select, biographical sketches, reviews and notices of religious publications, &c. Nothing of a merely temporary interest will be admitted into its columns. Notices of protracted meetings, replies to correspondents, acknowledgments, receipts, &c., will be printed on the covers. The essays will be of four different classes: historical, critical, doctrinal, and practical.

With regard to the spirit of the publication, we indulge the fond hope, that it will be found to accord with the spirit of the gospel. Were we to take any human production for our model in this respect, we would unhesitatingly select the American Baptist Magazine. While our pages shall be open to free inquiry, and to a temperate discussion of Gospel truth, they shall ever be closed to vain contention, angry disputation, and, in short, to whatsoever engendereth unholiness amongst brethren. We view the different Christian denominations as branches of one common vine. If false or spurious branches shoot forth, it is not ours to apply the knife. The Father of all, reserves to himself, the Savior informs us, the sole right of pruning away unfruitful branches, (John 15. 2.) and bids his disciples "Let them alone," (Matt. 15. 13, 14.)

In order to encourage contributions to the work, and to render it as worthy of patronage as possible, we will pay, for contributions published, at the rate of \$1 00 for every printed page. Contributions will be furnished with the work free of charge. No communication will be permitted to appear in our pages without being previously submitted to the revision of some friend in whose taste, judgment, and piety we can confide.

While we look for support principally to the denomination with which we are connected, we feel fully persuaded, that there are many, very many of our pedobaptist brethren, who will not only extend to us their patronage, but will sincerely "rejoice" at the opportunity afforded of encouraging liberality of sentiment, and of fostering, among the different branches of the Christian church, that spirit of harmony which should ever prevail, and which constitutes one of the loveliest of the gospel ornaments. This confidence is inspired by the encouragement we have received, to engage in this undertaking, from several of their number, who are alike distinguished for their literary attainments, and their pious and zealous efforts to extend a knowledge of our common Lord and Savior.

In connection with the above, we propose to publish, quarterly, a work to be entitled, *The Christian Quarterly Register*. Each number will contain two sheets, folded into an octavo form. The work will consist, principally, of statistical details, relative to the state of the church, the progress of gospel truth, the efforts of Christian benevolence, the blessings attendant thereon, &c. &c.

We can not but flatter ourselves that the above publications will be found to merit the patronage of the Christian community. Our hopes, however, are founded not upon our own ability, but upon the known and well tried ability of those who have encouraged us to expect their aid. It shall be our unceasing prayer to God, that both of these publications may be made to further his merciful designs on earth, and be rendered worthy of preservation, in every Christian's library. The first, we trust, will aid the Christian in his researches after divine truth, and advance his growth in grace; while the second, will serve as a memorial of God's goodness to his people, and may impart to the rising generation, a knowledge of the proceedings of the church of Christ, in the days of their fathers. The publications proposed above, will be commenced as soon as 1000 subscribers can be obtained.

Terms.—The Southern Evangelical Magazine will be published at the low price of \$1 50 per annum, payable on the delivery of the first number. If payment be delayed six months, the price will be \$2 per annum.

The Register will be furnished separately, at 75 cents per annum in advance, or at \$1 payable at the end of six months.

To individuals subscribing for both publications, the price for the two will be reduced to \$2 in advance, or to \$2 50 at the expiration of six months.

The above publications, it is confidently believed, will not conflict with any weekly religious periodical or missionary register. We wish no one to transfer their patronage from such publications to ours. Such we would not supplant if we could; for we believe them to be essential to the prosperity of Zion. We pledge ourselves to exert our every energy to extend their circulation.

Names of subscribers may be forwarded to Mr Wm Sands, Richmond, Va, or to the subscriber at Painesville, Va. J. S. BARKER.



**BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING** neatly and expeditiously executed, by *William Verinder*, at the office of the Literary Inquirer, 177 Main st. Buffalo. The support of his friends and the public is respectfully solicited.

**DISSOLUTION.**—The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, in the Printing business, under the firm of *Wilgus & Barton*, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The unsettled affairs of the late firm will be closed by D. Burton, and the business of *Printing, Glazing, &c.*, in all its various branches, will be continued by N. Wilgus, at the old stand, No. 213 Main street.

NATHANIEL WILGUS.  
DARIUS BURTON.

Buffalo, April 1, 1834.

**DOCTOR T. P. WHIPPLE,**  
At Foster's Hotel,  
BLACK ROCK, N. Y.

**R. M. LONG'S** Store of Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Musical Instruments, Piano Forte Music, &c. &c., No. 143 Main street.

**N. B. Watches and Clocks** of every description repaired on short notice and warranted. 111f

**PIDDINGTON & HUMPHRY,** Merchant Tailors, No. 8 Ellicott square, gratefully acknowledge the liberal support they have received from their friends and the public, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors. Orders executed at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. 101f

**SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.**—These publications consist of Scripture Biography, Sacred Geography, Lives of Martyrs, Juvenile Biography, Sacred History, Missionary Biography, Lives of Pious Men, Helps for Teachers, Books, Cards, &c., for infant Schools, and Picture Books for small children, ornamented with numerous wood cuts and engravings. Published by the American S. S. Union, and for sale by J. C. MEEKS, 101f No. 3, Eagle Building, Buffalo.

**CUTLER'S CABINET & CHAIR WAREHOUSE,** No. 5, Ellicott square, Main st.—The above rooms are now fitted with an assortment of furniture not surpassed in any place as to durability and fashion. The following can be furnished at all times:—French, Ottoman and Grecian Sofas; Couches; Chaises; Lounges; pier, ion, centre, card, dressing, dining, tea, work, drawing, writing and sideboard Tables; dressing and drawingroom Commodes; dressing Bureaus and Glasses; library, book and paper Cases; Music Stands and Stools; Foot Stools; basin and washstand Stands; French, high-post, tent, field, dome, fancy and topmost Bedsteads; mahogany and black walnut French Chairs; Boston Rocking Chairs, splendid article; fancy and Windsor Chairs of every description; Settees, and Settee Cradles; Writing Stools; cane Chair Seats, of every description; mahogany Plank, Boards and Veneers; black walnut Veneers; cherry and walnut Boards; Copal Varnish; Hatlers' Blocks, for finishing and coloring. Turning done to order on short notice. Bed posts and table legs on hand at all times. A liberal discount made to those who purchase chairs to sell again. A. CUTLER, 101f Buffalo, March 12.

**BUFFALO BOOK REPOSITORY,** No. 214 Main st.—*Oliver G. Steele* is now receiving and offers for sale, at the above well known stand, the largest and best assortment of school books that has ever been offered in this section of the country, which he will sell for cash, lower than they can be obtained at any other bookstore in the city. His stock of Classical Books are of the best and most approved editions that are to be obtained in the United States, being such as are used at the highest colleges and academies in New England and New York. His stock of Miscellaneous Books is very large, comprising the best editions of the standard works on history, biography, theology, medicine, and law, with a general assortment of the best novels and romances. His stock of family Bibles is extensive beyond any thing ever before offered in this city, with pocket Bibles and Testaments in abundance, of all sizes and prices.

School Books being the leading branch of his business, he will always be supplied with every thing wanted in schools and academies, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, on such terms as will make it for the interest of every purchaser to buy of him. Every person, therefore, who wishes to turn cash into books to the best advantage must be sure to call at *Steele's Bookstore*, where they can be obtained at better terms than they can be obtained at any other store in the city. Jan 8

**BUFFALO BOOK STORE,** No. 204 Main street, January 20, 1834. *A. W. Wilgus* has just received a fresh supply of Books and Stationery, among which are the Education Annual, by J. Breckenridge A. M. Italy, a poem by Samuel Rogers. The Harper's Head, a legend of Kentucky, by S. Hall. Waldorpe; by Leitch Ritchie. The Down Easter, &c. &c. 23 vols. by J. Neal. Richelieu, a tale of France, in 3 vols. The Book of Commerce, by sea and land, designed for schools. The Aristocrat, an American tale, in 3 vols. Tom Cringle's Log, 21 Series, in 2 vols. Lights and Shadows of German Life, in 2 vols. Dutches of Berri, in La Vendee, comprising a narrative of her adventures, &c. by Geo. Dermoncourt. Kilwick's Treatise on Steam Engine. Allen's Mechanic. 4

**JUST RECEIVED** at the Buffalo Book Store, 204 Main street; Albums, an elegant article; Parchment; fine Drawing Paper of all sizes and qualities; Porter's Analysis; Adams' Grammar; Bridgewater Treatises; Mechanism of the Hand, by Sir Charles Bell; Physical condition of Man, by John Kidd; Astronomy and general Physics, by the Rev. W. Whewell. A. W. WILGUS, 4 Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834.

**THE LADY'S BOOK.**—Each number of this periodical contains sixty pages of extra royal octavo letter press, printed with clear, new, and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and whitest color. It is embellished with splendid engravings on copper and steel, executed by artists of the highest skill and attention, and embracing every variety of subject. The terms of the Lady's Book are three dollars per annum, payable in advance. Published by L. A. Goddard & Co. Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

**MAJOR JACK DOWNING'S MAGAZINE.**—The publishers are encouraged by the extraordinary demand for the letters of Major Jack Downing, to issue the original and most popular of his writings, including his life, in a periodical form.

After completing the first volume, should sufficient encouragement be afforded, the major may, no doubt, be induced to continue his interesting description of public affairs and other matters.

This volume will be completed in eight parts of 36 pages each, and will contain eleven original designs by Johnston, and furnished in any part of the United States, postage free, for one dollar.

Seven copies will be furnished to any one address, postage free, for five dollars.

Payment in all cases to be in advance and free of expense to the publishers. LILLY, WAIT & CO., Boston.

**THE LITERARY INQUIRER**, and Repository of Literature and General Intelligence, published weekly in quarto form, is devoted to original and selected tales, biographical memoirs of eminent persons, poetry, essays, &c.; literary and scientific intelligence, including interesting extracts from the proceedings of learned societies; brief notices of new publications; a carefully selected compendium of the latest news—domestic and foreign; a summary of such passing events as shall be interesting to the general reader; approved advertisements, &c.

Terms.—Two dollars per annum, in advance; two dollars and a half, within six months; or three dollars at the end of the year. Six months, one dollar and twenty-five cents; three months, seventy-five cents, both invariably in advance.

Orders and communications to be addressed, post-paid, to the proprietor,

WILLIAM VERINDER,  
177 Main street, Buffalo.

**THE WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE**, conducted by James Hall and devoted to literature and science, is published during the first week of every month. Terms, three dollars and fifty cents, payable in six months, or three dollars, in advance. A payment made between the 1st of January and the 1st of July, in any year, will be considered in advance for that year; and in all cases where payment shall be delayed until after the 1st of July, the additional fifty cents will be charged. No subscription will be received for less than a year, or discontinued until the close of a year; but subscribers may commence their year with any month they please. No subscriber will be considered as having any right to discontinue his subscription, unless he shall have paid up all arrears, and given notice before the expiration of the year. Published by COREY & FAIRBANK, Cincinnati Ohio.

**THE WESTERN GEM**, and Cabinet of Literature, Science and News. A continuation of the Literary Cabinet. Devoted to original and selected tales, essays, historical and biographical sketches, literary notices, poetry, and general intelligence. The Gem is published weekly, on a royal sheet of fine quality, and with good type, in quarto form, making a yearly volume of 52 numbers and 416 large pages, and furnished at the close of the year with a handsome titlepage and index. The price of subscription is two dollars a year in advance, two dollars and fifty cents when payment is not made within six months from the commencement of the volume. Local agents will be allowed twelve and a half per cent. on moneys collected, beside a copy of the work. It is expected that persons accepting agencies will make exertions to obtain subscriptions on these liberal terms. Any person, not an authorized agent, who obtains three subscribers, and makes payment for them in advance, shall be entitled to a bound copy of the Literary Cabinet. Address, postpaid, GREGG & DUFFEY, St. Clairsville, Ohio.

**THE PARTHENON** is published at Union College in monthly numbers, each containing at least 64 pages of original matter, during the time college is in session. The price of subscription is \$2.50 per annum, when paid in advance, and \$3.00 on delivery of the June number. No subscription taken for less than one year. Any person obtaining five subscribers and becoming responsible for the same, shall receive a volume gratis, and agents shall receive the customary commission. All communications must be addressed, postage paid, to the Editor of the Parthenon, Schenectady, N. Y. The Parthenon will be forwarded to our agents in New York by the steam boats, where they can be obtained by subscribers free of postage; and to our New Orleans subscribers, by the earliest packets.

**THE PEARL** and Literary Gazette, devoted to original and selected tales, legends, essays, traveling, literary and historical sketches, biography, poetry, &c. is published simultaneously in the cities of Boston and Hartford.

Terms.—Two dollars per annum, one dollar for six months, payable in advance. Postmasters, agents and clubs will receive six copies for a year by sending ten dollars, or six copies for six months for five dollars. All letters of business, remittances and communications must be directed to the Pearl, Hartford, Conn., or to the editor. Postage in all cases must be paid.

**THE LITERARY JOURNAL** is published every Saturday, at No. 9, Market Square, Providence, R. I. Terms, two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance, or three dollars at the end of the year. Every person obtaining six subscribers, and being responsible for the same, will receive a seventh copy gratis. All letters and communications on business, are to be directed, post paid, to J. KNOWLES & CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

**THE CINCINNATI MIRROR** is published every Saturday morning, on a fine super royal sheet, in the quarto form, convenient for being bound. The paper for a year will make a handsome volume of 412 large pages, including the titlepage and index, which will be furnished with the last number of the volume. Advertisements are excluded. The subscription price is two dollars and fifty cents per year, payable in advance, three dollars payable any time within six months after the time of subscribing. When the above terms are not complied with, and the publishers have to employ a collector, three dollars and fifty cents will be invariably demanded.

SHREVE & GALLAGHER,  
Publishers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**PROSPECTUS** of the third volume of the Knickerbocker Magazine, edited by Timothy Flint. Permanent arrangements having been made with Mr. Flint, a gentleman whose literary reputation is well known in every part of the United States, the publishers of the Knickerbocker now present him to their friends and patrons as the editor of their magazine, the columns of which will be filled with the results of his pen, as well as regular contributions from other distinguished American writers.

Each number will contain eighty full size octavo pages, in the amount of letter press heretofore given, and furnished with an entirely new and beautiful type, cast expressly for the Knickerbocker, upon a medium paper of high finish and fine quality; in short, the greatest attention will be paid to its typography and mechanical appearance, while several engravings, in a new and novel style, are in the engraver's hands, and will from time be given. Terms of subscription, \$5 a year, or \$3 for six months. PEABODY & CO., New York.

**THE CULTIVATOR** a monthly publication, devoted to agriculture—each No. 16 pages. Published by the New York state agricultural society. J. Buel, J. P. Beekman, J. D. Wasson, committee of publication.

Terms of Subscription.—To single subscribers, 50 cents per annum; to a subscriber for five and less than ten copies, addressed to one person, 37 1-2 cents; to a subscriber for ten and less than twenty copies, 31 cents; to a subscriber for twenty or more copies, 25 cents.

Payments for the year invariably required in advance. Subscriptions and communications may be addressed to J. Buel, or "The Cultivator," by mail, postpaid, or left at the office of publication, No. 57, State street, over Little's bookstore, Albany.

**UNITED STATES QUARTERLY REVIEW.**—This day is published No. 1, of the U. S. Quarterly Review, edited by Henry Vethake, esq., late Professor in the University of New York.

Contents.—Art. 1. A Discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University, by Virgil Maxey, and an Address before the American Institute in New York, by John P. Kennedy. 2. Lewis on the Use and Abuse of Political Terms. 3. Poems and prose writings of Richard H. Dana. 4. Ante Colonial History. 5. Memoirs of Baron Cuvier. 6. Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry. 7. Imprisonment for Debt. 8. Ancient Art in Egypt and India. 9. Miss Aikin's Court of Charles the First. 10. Temperance Cause. Subscriptions, \$5 per annum. ADAM WALDIE, Philadelphia.

**A. W. WILGUS**, No. 204 Main street, has just received Clark's Commentary, in 2 vols. Parochial Lectures on the Law and the Gospel, by S. H. Tying. D. D. Scenes of our Parish, by a country Parson's daughter; the Influence of the Bible, in improving the understanding and moral character, by J. Matthews, D. D. The Church of God, in a series of dissertations, by the Rev. R. W. Evans; the Mother at home, or the principle of maternal duty, familiarly illustrated by J. S. C. Abbott; Manly Piety, in its principles, by R. Phillips of Naberly Chapel; Religious Souvenir, by S. T. Bidell, D. D. The Churchman's Almanac; Common Prayer, fine and common; Methodist Harmonist, new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. A large assortment of pocket Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer Books. Buffalo, Jan. 20, 1834.

**WALDIE'S Select Circulating LIBRARY**, issued every week; each number containing as much as a common sized volume of 250 pages; price \$5 a year, or five copies for \$20, sent to one address.

Economy.—Of the books published by us in the two first volumes of the "Select Circulating Library," the following have also been issued by booksellers in 22 volumes, in the cheapest form, viz:—Lives of Banditti and Robbers; Life of Dr. Burney; The Subaltern's Furlough; The Gentle Recruit and Saratoga; Picken's traditional Stories; Waltham; Rebellion in Scotland; The Italian Exile in England; Waverley; Journal of a Nobleman; The Duchess of St. Leon; Elliot's Letters; Baron D'Haussey's Great Britain; Madden's Infirmitates; Rambles of a Naturalist; and Capt. Hall's Fragments. The booksellers' charge for these, twelve dollars and seventy-five cents.

We have supplied these, word for word, to our subscribers for four and five dollars, in addition to the following entire works, various miscellaneous reading, and the Journal of Belles Lettres gratis, viz: Lafayette and Louis Philippe; Batty's tour in Holland; Letters from the Earl of Chatham; Mrs. Lushington's Journal; Life of Dr. Leyden; Shipwreck of the Medusa; The Earthquake of Caracas; Mananillo, &c. &c. &c., altogether worth at booksellers' reduced prices at least twenty-five dollars! This surely is economy.

**CHRISTIAN LIBRARY**, new volume.—Key & Biddle have commenced the second volume of that valuable and popular work, the Christian Library, comprising a series of standard religious literature, with parochial lectures on the law and the gospel. By Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's church, Philadelphia.

The design of the work is to publish: 1. The most valuable religious and literary works which appear from the English press. In selecting from the former class, sectarianism will be studiously avoided; from the latter, such only will be chosen as Christians may with propriety circulate. 2. Translations of valuable works from the Continental press, and occasionally original productions of American writers. 3. Standard works which may be out of print, and selections from such as are accessible to but few. 4. Brief reviews of such books as do not fall within the plan of this work; so that the reader may be enabled to become speedily acquainted with most of the publications of the day, and to form, in some measure, an estimate of their value. Orders received by J. C. MEEKS, Eagle Buildings, Buffalo.

Key & Biddle will publish the London Christian Observer, as an appendix to the Christian Library, in the same form, for one dollar and twenty-five cents a year, payable in advance, or one dollar and fifty cents at the close of the year. The present cost of this work is six dollars per annum. Those who subscribe for it in connexion with the Christian Library, will receive it stitched in the same covers with that work.

[The postage on each number of the Christian Library for any distance under 100 miles will be 1-2 cents per sheet; for any distance over 100 miles 2-2 cents. To subscribers in all our principal cities, the numbers will be delivered by agents without expense of postage.]

**THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE**, Summer L. Fairfield, editor.—This magazine is devoted particularly to American literature, but will also contain brief reviews of foreign works and extracts of merit. Tales, sketches of scenery and manners, biographical and critical notices, poetry, an ode, or table talk, the fine arts, and record of occurrences, with reviews of all new works, constitute a portion of the entertainment which is presented in this periodical. All litigated questions, either of politics, religion, or the learned professions, are carefully avoided; and all merely personal rivalry or animosity excluded from the pages of this magazine.

The magazine is published in Philadelphia during the first week of every month. Each number contains sixty four royal octavo pages, well printed on superior paper, and stitched in covers.

The price is five dollars per annum, payable in advance.

**A RELIGIOUS FAMILY PAPER.**—"The Sunday School Journal and Advocate of Christian Education," though established mainly for the promotion of the objects designated in the title, is not confined to the topics that it suggests. It is strictly a family journal, fitted for all the purposes for which a weekly religious paper is needed in a household. Its peculiar features are, 1. Theological and ecclesiastical controversy is wholly excluded. 2. The interests of all evangelical denominations are impartially promoted, and the benevolent proceedings of all alike are reported. 3. A prominent place is given to illustrations of the text, antiquities, &c., of the scripture, assisted, when necessary, by wood cuts. 4. Useful and instructive selections are made from the periodical works of this country and Great Britain. 5. Whilst all pains are taken to make the Journal interesting as a repository of valuable knowledge, practical reading, and universal religious intelligence, it aims to promote especially the proper education of the young, and of those who have been neglected in their youth. Assistance is afforded to parents and teachers in the modes of instruction; notices and specimens of the books prepared for their use and the perusal of the young are furnished, and all such facts, anecdotes, hints, &c. &c., as come within the scope of duties to the young, find a place in its columns.

The Sunday School Journal is published every Wednesday morning in Philadelphia and New York, on a large folio sheet, at the price of two dollars yearly, payable in advance. Three copies will be furnished for five dollars in advance.

**GRANVILLE INSTITUTION.**—Preparatory Department. In this attention is given to the elementary and common branches of English, and to Greek and Latin by those who wish to be fitted for college. This department comprises one designed specially for boys of tender age. Such are entrusted to the care and supervision of a teacher and guardian, who is devoted exclusively to their interests, spending his time with them, day and night, with paternal solicitude and affection.

**English Department.** In this can be obtained either the whole or any portion of the mathematical and English part of a collegiate education. It also affords facilities for acquiring the qualifications suitable for the business of teaching.

**Collegiate Department.** The course of instruction is intended to be worthy of its name. The requisites for membership in the freshmen class are similar to those adopted by the best colleges. Much greater regard, however, is had to the quality, than to the quantity, of the preparation. The freshmen class has completed half its year. It is accessible, at all times, by persons duly qualified to take its advanced standing. The higher classes will be successively organized on the annual promotion of this from an inferior to a superior grade. Commencement is on the second Wednesday in August.

**Manual Labor Department.** This is considered as including all the resident students, who are required to be daily occupied more or less in some kind of work. A coöperation has been fitted up, which affords ample employment to the freshmen class and to several other individuals; and measures are concerted for more extensive accommodations in this business. Carpenters, joiners and farmers will find employment in their respective callings.

**Expenses for a term of ten weeks.** Tuition, \$5.00; board, washing, room, furniture and fuel, \$27.00; accommodations for studying in private rooms, to one not a boarder, \$2.00; incidentals to one not a boarder, studying in the preparatory room, \$0.75; whole expense for tuition, board, washing, room, furniture and fuel, \$35.00 a term, or \$70.00 a year, exclusive of vacations. Those who board at the institution in time of vacation, will be charged at the same rate as in term time, with the exception of tuition. No deduction for absence will be made on the tuition of students in the collegiate department. Any student entering or leaving the school during the progress of a half term, will be charged the whole amount of tuition for such half term. No deduction for absence will be made on the board of any student, provided he be not absent more than a week at any one time, nor even then without a satisfactory reason for such absence. The payment of all bills is required in advance.

The next term will commence on Thursday, the 20th of March. JOHN PRATT, President.  
Granville, Licking County, Ohio, February, 1834. 101f

**TO Sunday School Teachers and Parents.**—As many persons have occasion to select Sunday School Libraries, or make purchases of books for children in their own or other families, we would call their attention to the excellent, cheap, and very popular works of the American Sunday School Union. They can furnish a library for a school which will contain 235 volumes, amounting to 23,305 pages, bound in fancy colored leather backs and corners, with marble covers. These volumes contain 1500 steel, copperplate, and wood engravings and maps, illustrating the various subjects of which the books treat. The price of the complete set is \$41.

Besides this library, the Union have published 103 smaller books in paper covers, containing 2856 pages, with a large number of wood cuts. A complete set of these costs \$14.46. If bound, they would make about ten or twelve volumes of uniform size.

In the above are not included several volumes, which, on account of size, &c. are not placed in the regular series; such as the Bible Dictionary, Geography, Psalmody, Hymn Books, Biographical Dictionary, Union Questions, &c.

Nearly the whole of the books have been printed from stereotype plates, on good paper; many of them were written expressly for the Union, and all have been examined and approved by the committee of publication, composed of an equal number of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal churches.

For the sum of \$12.40, the above 338 works can be procured by any Sunday School, and Sunday School Society, which will send a copy of its constitution, a list of officers, and an annual report to the American Sunday School Union, and thus become an auxiliary. They can be procured on the same terms by an individual who is a member of the Society, purchasing for his own use or for gratuitous distribution. The terms for membership are for life \$30, or \$3 annually, in which case they also receive gratuitously a copy of the Sunday School Journal.

In view of these facts, we may inquire how many thousands of parents might place in their dwellings such a library; embracing matter adapted to all ages, from the youngest child that can read, to the parents and domestics of the household. How many thousands of little companies of youth might join and purchase a complete library for their amusement and instruction? How many thousands of sets should be required by Sunday schools, by common schools, by public schools, by apprentices' libraries, by men of property, for gratuitous distribution, by ministers and pious visitors of the poor and the rich, for the comfort and benefit of the families and individuals they so engaged?

Orders, with particular directions as to the mode of conveying the books, will meet with prompt attention, if addressed to FREDERICK W. PORTER, Corresponding Secretary, American Sunday School Union, No. 146 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. 31

#### LITERARY INQUIRER.

Printed and published every Wednesday, by William Verinder, proprietor, at 177 Main street, Buffalo.

Terms.—Two dollars per annum, in advance; two dollars and a half, within six months; or three dollars, at the end of the year. Six months, one dollar and twenty-five cents; three months, seventy-five cents; both invariably in advance.

Approved Advertisements inserted at the following rates:

7 lines and under, 25 cents.	12 1-2 cents.
14 " " 50 "	25 "
21 " " 75 "	37 1-2 "
28 " " 1.00 "	50 "

Every additional 5 lines, 12 1-2 cents. 61-4 "

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

**Local Agents.**—New York: Chas. Pringle, P.M., Hamburg; P. Spencer, P.M., West Lodi; E. Williams, P.M., Dunkirk; E. Mack, P.M., Springfield; B. Hickox, P.M., Clinton; M. H. Tucker, P.M., Lockport; Ster. Mallory, P.M., Eden; W. Van Dusen, P.M., Silver Creek; P. M. Vosburgh, P.M., Willink; E. Smith, Shawnee; Orris Nichols, P.M., Westfield.

Pennsylvania: H. L. Harvey, Erie.

Ohio: Edward H. Thomson, Cleveland.

Michigan Territory: S. Root, Detroit.

Illinois: J. H. Gillespie, P.M., Ewington.

Alabama: L. C. Draper, Mobile.

Upper Canada: Jno. Ballard, A.P.M., City of Toronto (late York); Roughton & Root, P.M., Beausville; M. Mackenzie, P.M., Port Erie.